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club

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HOTTING UP FOR LINZI

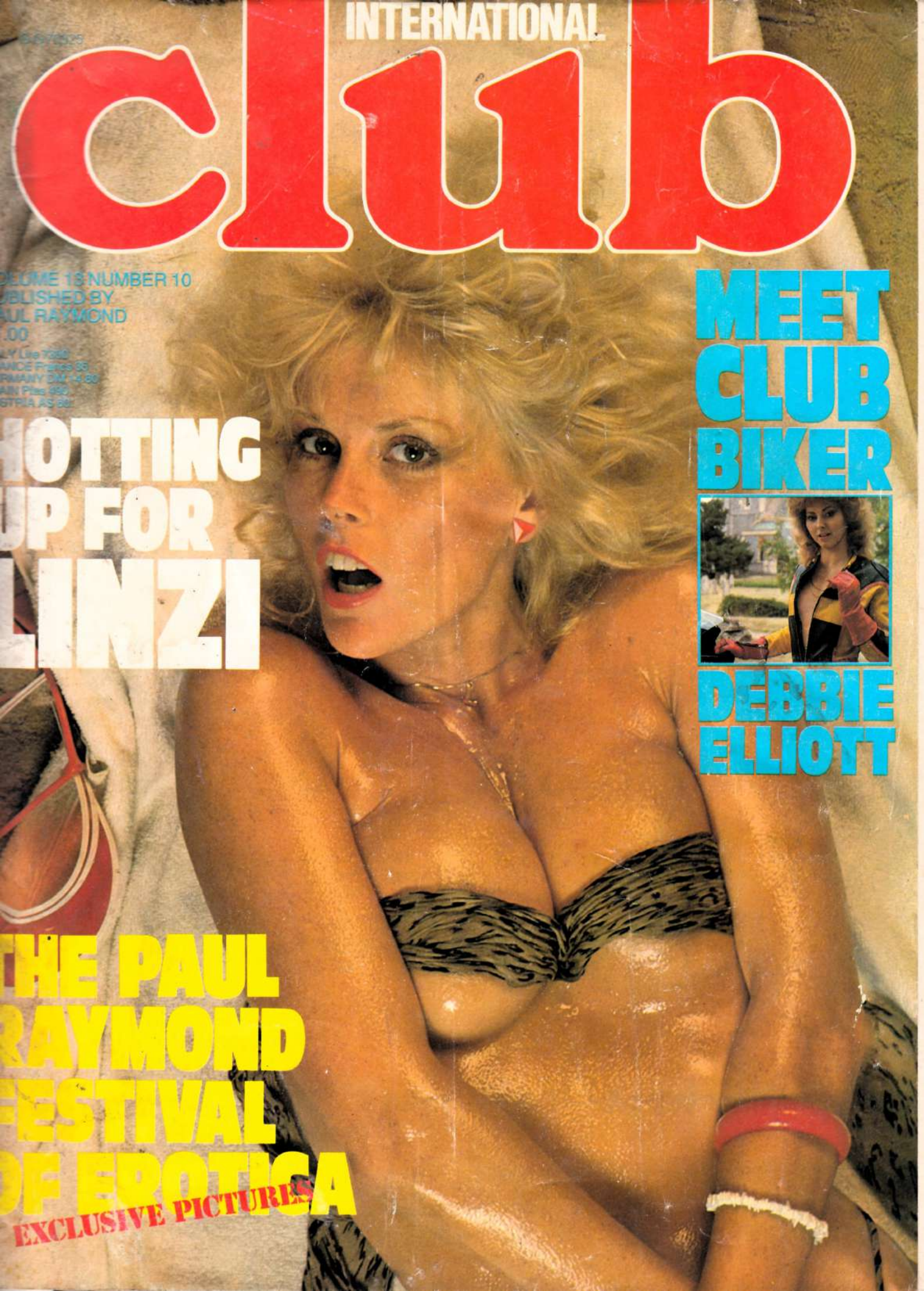
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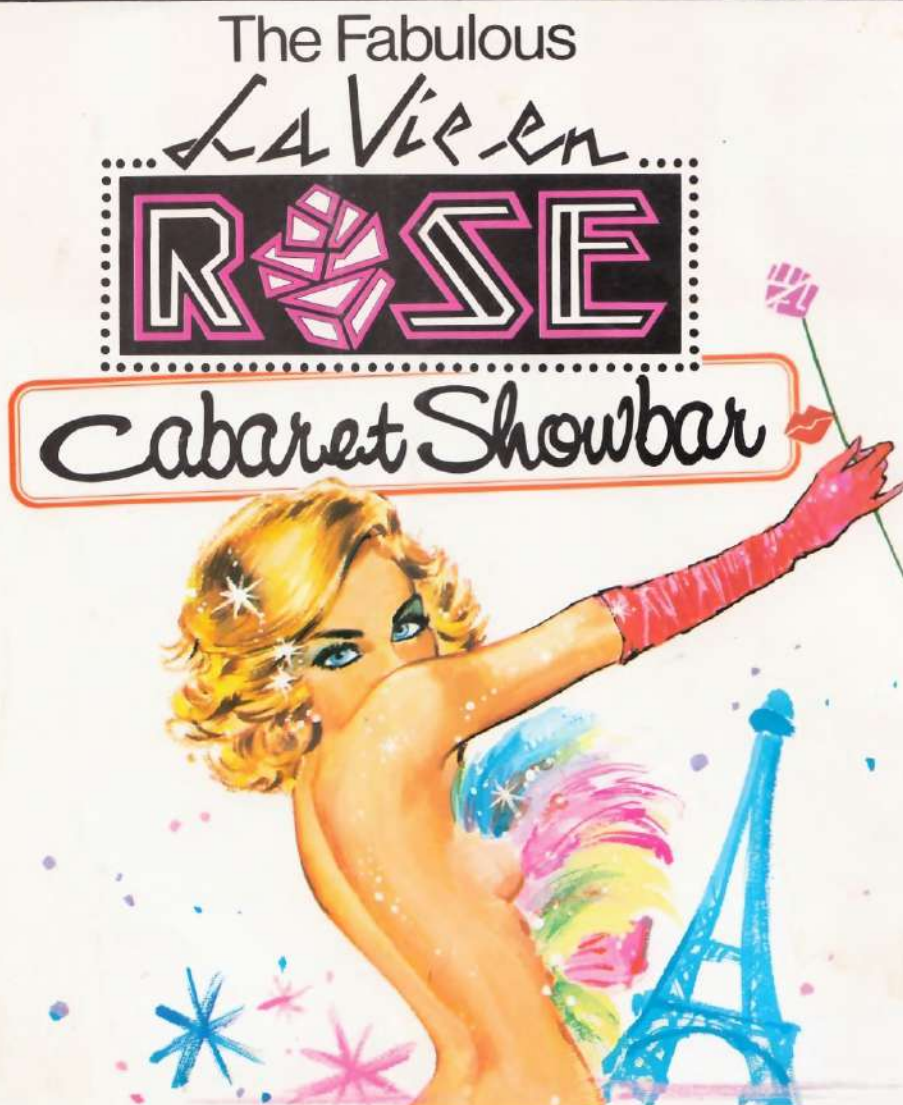
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READERS WRITES

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Dressed To Kill

I never thought the day would come when I would find a fully clothed girl more of a turn-on than a naked model with legs spread wide, showing everything she has got. But that day has arrived.

The picture illustrating your One-Eyed Dick story (Vol 13 No 8) showed a completely naked girl on all fours and a beautiful lady in period dress standing over some old wanker covered with cobwebs.

This gorgeous creature showed not a nipple, but had me in such an aroused state that I was obliged to pull my pudding.

On reflection, I think that maybe the fact that she carries a whip has something to do with it. I am not into the bondage scene in any way whatsoever but, nevertheless, I must confess that Velma and her

whip have caused me to reflect on what exactly it is that excites me sexually.

I think that, perhaps, magazines like Club – and to a certain extent the daily newspapers and television – have been giving us so much nudity, that a fully dressed model in a men's magazine comes as a bit of a shock. And as she stands out like a sore thumb (or, in my case, cock), she has a devastating effect on me.

Is this why more and more men are turning to the pages of *Cosmopolitan* and *Woman's Own* for their kicks? I am, however, pleased to see that stockings and suspenders are making their way back into Club. It is time to bring the tease back into striptease. I want the models to titillate not rape me. But keep up the good work. Club is still the most sumptuous mag of them all.

Derek, Bath

Girl On Film

I want to tell you about my girlfriend, Susan. She has a very ordinary figure, but one or two outstanding features. First

of all, she has large nipples which, when erect, protrude to three-quarters of an inch long. Secondly, she has the biggest pair of cunt lips I've ever seen.

When we make love, my prick is about seven inches long. If I insert its head in her cunt, she can wrap her cunt lips completely around the rest of it. Is this a rare feature, or do many other readers have a partner with equally large lips?

Last Christmas, we got drunk, and, after a bit of persuasion, she allowed me to take some pictures of her. We'd just returned from a fancy dress party, where I'd gone as a headmaster, Susan as a school prefect. She wore a white blouse, blue tie and a navy blue skirt, which only just covered the tops of her black stockings.

As we drove home, she exposed her naked thighs to me, and my driving was erratic, to say the least, as I broke all records to get back to our flat.

As I made us a nightcap, she stretched out on the sofa. I returned with the drinks and my camera, and took a couple of snaps. I hinted I'd like to take some 'intimate' pictures.

At that, she undid her blouse revealing her tits. She licked two of her fingers and began to encircle her cherry-like nipples. She slipped her blouse off, gyrating her hips from side to side.

She then gradually undid the buttons on her skirt and allowed it to drop to her ankles, exposing her blue panties. Before long, she'd revealed her wet, trimmed pussy hair and those fantastic cunt lips. Before I could take any more pictures, she took the camera from me and almost ripped my shirt off. Passionate love followed.

I tried to persuade Susan to let me send some of the pictures into *Affectionately Yours*, but she won't allow it!

John, Surrey

More Big 'Uns!

I wish to congratulate you on the overall quality of Club Vol



Trudy: Miss Super Boobs

13 No 6. The girls were excellent, and the photography was even more erotic and explicit than usual.

Most of the picture sets were staged indoors on beds, chairs, cushions etc, and I always like to see girls in sets like this. I don't like the open-air backgrounds, so stay indoors please.

And thanks for the great pictures of Trudy with her super boobs and great body. But the four-page spread of her was not nearly enough. Let's see a full ten-page indoor spread soon! In fact, let's have more of ANY girl with big boobs in future issues!

The British girlie mags don't seem to cater all that much for the big-tit fan. I can't understand why this is – there must be a demand for it. Your mag, though, has recently featured some excellent big boobs, and I hope you will feature them regularly in future.

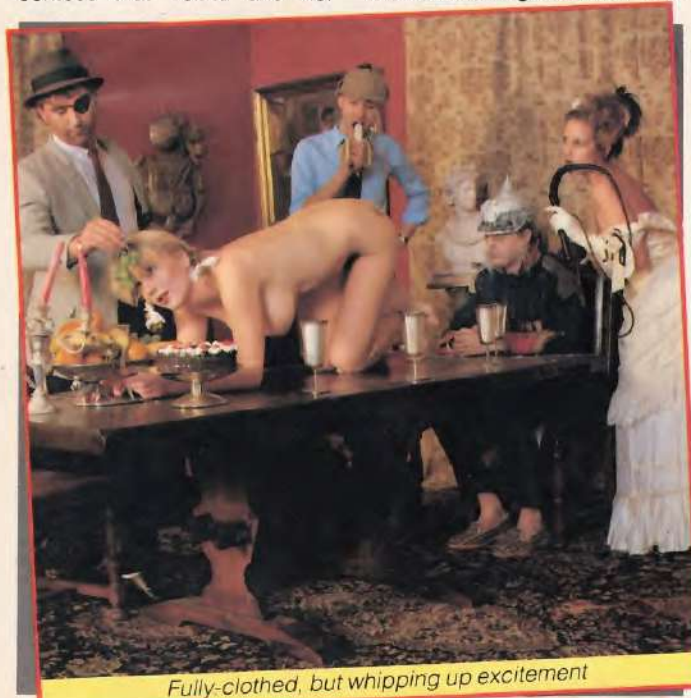
MF, Huddersfield

Just Friends

Sheena's the same age as me, and although I've fancied her since I first met her three years ago, she's always been going out with other guys.

In any case, she was always coming out with things like 'we're just good friends', and always gave me the impression that while she enjoyed my company socially, any physical relationship was out of the question.

Not having seen her for a few weeks, I called her up the other



Fully-clothed, but whipping up excitement

day to arrange a Saturday lunchtime drink. She agreed. After we'd had a few in the pub garden, we decided to have a picnic in the park.

It was great. As well as all the food, we had some fizzy wine, and we both felt relaxed and happy basking in the sunshine. As we talked, Sheena mentioned she'd split from her boyfriend since I'd last spoken to her, but I thought nothing of it – I'd tried to exploit a similar position before, but my subtle advances weren't subtle enough, and were ward off with the 'just good friends' routine.

I took her home when the sun went down, and she asked me in for a coffee. Her parents were out. When she brought the coffee in, Sheena sat on the floor next to my chair and snuggled up next to my legs. That was surprise number one.

Surprise number two came when she started going on about how lonely she'd been since her split-up and how she missed having someone to – as she put it – 'hold on to'.

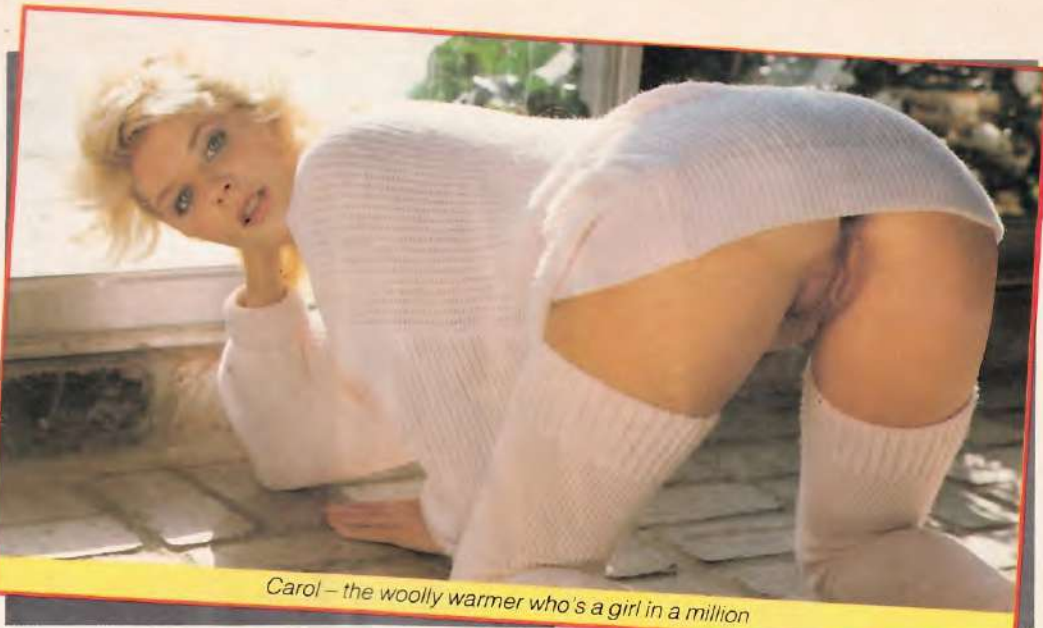
'Well, you can hold on to me if you want,' I said and, with that, Sheena climbed on to my knee, facing me, with her legs dangling over the side. Without anything else being said, we started to kiss.

I was enjoying it, but I had a nagging doubt this sudden display of passion might be due to the effects of the fizzy wine. I forgot all about that when her breathing became more rapid and she started pulling at my hair and clawing at my back. She obviously wanted more than just a cuddle and, fizzy wine or not, I wasn't about to argue.

As her hands explored my body, one of them paid a brief visit between my legs, as if to check I was as het-up as she was. I was now!

As we slid on to the floor, I lifted up her dress to reveal a little pair of moist, navy blue panties, which fairly sent my groin churning. I pulled them off. Within seconds, I had my jeans and pants around my ankles. Tenderly, Sheena stroked my pride and joy before guiding it into her well-lubricated cunt. Her hands clamped firmly on my buttocks as I surged up and down on top of her.

We hadn't been going very long when she squeezed me like a vice and let out a clenched-teeth shout. I could feel her juices rush on to the carpet.



Carol – the woolly warmer who's a girl in a million

It wasn't long before I followed suit, biting her shoulder fiercely as I emptied my load inside her. It had been well worth the three-year wait! *Mike, Lancs*

Cuddly Toy

I'm writing to you to congratulate you on featuring Carol in Club Vol 13 No 7 – this girl is absolutely amazing.

Her soft, woolly leg warmers and jumper, which were tastefully displayed, really accentuated her own 'soft' features. She looked so cuddly. My favourite fantasy of the moment consists of Carol, wearing her woollies, stripping me naked and giving me a big bear hug.

Then, of course, I'd fuck her till she dropped. You've come across a girl in a million here – surely you'll feature her again before too long. In the meantime, I look forward to seeing more sexy girls in sexy woollies in your pages. *Roger, Herts*

Hand Of Youth

I'm a reasonably happy married man in my forties, and I thought my 'playing around' days finished a long time ago, but the 19-year-old daughter of a near neighbour has changed all that.

I've known this girl – I'll call her Liz – and her family for years; if we're having friends round at the house, she'll often come with her mum and dad as she's friendly with my daughter, who's a year older than her.

Although she's an attractive girl, I never harboured any thoughts for her – after all, she is less than half my age.

A few Saturdays ago, my wife and two daughters went off to do some shopping. I had nothing better to do than lie out on

the sofa, watching an old film on BBC2. I noticed the shadow of someone coming up the garden path and, on craning my neck, I saw it was Liz. The front door was unlocked, so I called her in.

She looked good. She was wearing those calf-length jeans and a pair of flat shoes without socks or tights on. Her loose, bright yellow jumper showed off her smooth, young shoulders. In her arms she carried a mail order catalogue she'd borrowed from my wife – the reason for her visit.

I was still propped up on the sofa and, as she sat next to me at my shoulder, I didn't think to hide the involuntary erection I'd had before she even came in. I saw she'd noticed it.

It was then I got the impression something might be on, because she continued to stare at my bulge. 'On your own, then?' she asked, suggestively. I told her the others had just left for the shops and wouldn't be

back for another two or three hours. I said that because I wanted to make it clear we'd be on our own for some time.

Astonishingly, in the space of about a minute, a mundane Saturday afternoon had taken on a whole new excitement.

'I'm not disturbing your film am I?' asked Liz. I said: 'I wasn't really watching anyway. You can turn it off if you like.' This she did, and came back to the same spot on the sofa. Now my hard-on had doubled in size – with my consent.

She stared again at my swollen cock, which served only to make it expand even further. 'That's quite a big one you've got. Can I see it?'

'Help yourself,' I replied, trying to remain calm but near to bursting point. She undid my zip and put her hand in, feeling my cock on the outside of my underpants. She pretended to be surprised. 'Mmm, it is big!' she exclaimed. As she undid the button on my trousers, I

VIBES by Tony Neat



Care for a gang-bang?

READERS' WRITES

lifted my bum clear to make her task easier.

With my trousers round my knees, I could see my prick had risen well clear of my pants, and she ran her finger round the tip. I was shaking with sheer lust, but relief was just around the corner. She pulled down my pants and took a firm grip of my cock, squeezing it tightly. Then she started to pump, slowly at first, but ever more fiercely. It was clear she hadn't had much experience of this, because my cock was being pulled this way and that. It was taking a hell of a battering, but my climax was none the worse for that. She kept on going until I relaxed my muscles in a sigh of fulfilment.

Smiling broadly, she wiped her little hand on my underpants and I said: 'My wife'll give me some stick for wanking myself!' To which she replied: 'Not half as much as you'll get if she searches your willy for fingerprints.'

I still find it hard to believe it actually happened to me, but I certainly wouldn't mind a repeat performance just to confirm I wasn't dreaming.

GH, West Midlands

Well Educated

Last summer, my mother's friend, a shapely 37-year-old,

came to stay with my family for three weeks.

As my family – my parents, sister and I – all work, Joan spent most of the time sunbathing in our fenced-in garden. The first couple of days, I came home from work to find her in the garden, wearing my sister's swimsuit, which is two sizes too small for her (Joan's blessed with about 40 inches up top).

I finish work at lunchtime on Fridays, and when I arrived home this particular Friday, I went to my bedroom to change my clobber as usual.

Glancing out of my bedroom window (which was already open), I saw Joan lying on the sun lounger, with the swimsuit peeled down to her waist. The sight of her large breasts and the prominent mould of her love box was too much for me – I started to masturbate.

After I came, I fell back on to my bed and, not more than 20 seconds later, Joan came into the room.

As I lay with a hard-on, and my trousers still round my ankles, there was a silent embarrassment, which she at last broke by bursting out laughing. She asked me when I'd last 'made it' with a girl. Being just 18, I had to admit I never had.

She slipped out of her swim-

suit and grinned as my dying erection came to life again. The touch of her tongue on my prick got me really aroused and I soon emptied my load in her mouth. She gave me quite an education for the rest of the afternoon, and I wasn't seen at work for another week after that.

This year, she's invited me down to stay with her in Devon... Alan B, Birmingham

Rich Kicks

It really is remarkable what a little money can do. Just recently I inherited a useful sum from my father – not enough to radically change my lifestyle, you understand, but nevertheless sufficient to provide a reasonable income, invested wisely. Over the ensuing days and weeks it was quite incredible just how many former girlfriends called me, inquiring after my well-being and suggesting I meet them for lunch dates or dinner dates; there was even an invitation to 'come around to my place and screw the night away, just like we used to do in the old days!' All in all, these calls did precious little to alter my long-held suspicion that the majority of women are nothing better than sponging, mercenary leeches, so I decided to play this particular bunch of phoney chicks at their own cheap game. I've never regarded fucking chicks as some kind of macho sport, in the way that so many guys seem to do. I've always been kind and considerate to the women in my life, so I was all the more incensed that all my old 'friends' seemed to want me for was my new found wealth. After all, not one of them bothered to call me on the phone in the days – not long passed – when I was broke and out of a job. Nobody wanted to 'fuck the night away' with me then, or even take me to a cheap restaurant for lunch. I thought it was time to get my own back.

First, there was a gorgeous Spaniard I used to date in my early twenties. At 30 years of age she was still exquisite to look at (large, firm, stiff-nippled tits and a gorgeous, plump arse which wiggled from side to side as she walked), but as chicks went, fewer came so inherently mercenary as Juanita. Taking her to a particularly fashionable restaurant seemingly raised her hopes of screwing some cash out of me, and when we arrived

Gi

MOIRA

Like all this month's selection of talent, Moira's in her early twenties, but rather like Kirsty on page 67, her experience exceeds that of a typical 23-year-old. Like so many girls on the glamour circuit, she's progressed from fashion and lingerie/negligee modelling. But this sexily slim blonde from Arundel in Sussex is determined to have a crack at the lucrative sex movie scene based on America's West Coast. 'I've watched all the major porno movies and I've concluded there's a big opening for a girl who can act,' observes this improbably shrewd young lady, with four years' acting experience in rep. 'All the box office names: Lovelace, Vanessa Del Rio, Annie Ample, Candy Samples... are such poor ambassadors – pure suck and fuck merchants. A girl who can be dirty AND act could transform the genre.' Nevertheless, it seemed to us there must be easier ways to earn a living. 'Maybe. But there's little or no social stigma attached to porn work in the States,' Moira says. 'Look at Marilyn Chamber. She's gone from hardcore to straight acting, no problem. Exposure is what counts.' You can say that again! See Moira exposing herself on page 8.



continued on page 64

Talk



PATRICIA

We get them occasionally – attractive, sophisticated, intelligent and highly-sexed young ladies. But they're super-rare. Patricia's only 24, but the 'lady' tag is fully appropriate. Well, definitely a lady in the dining room, that is. Should you be lucky enough to get Patricia as far as the bedroom, however, you'd experience a startling transition, and we could vouch for ladylike conduct no more. For when it comes to matters sexual, Patricia gleefully admits to being 'a shocking slut, and something of an expert in the intricacies of oral sex!' In public, she works as p.a. secretary to a West End estate agent who (fortunately for Patricia, judging by her confessions thus far!) is a Club subscriber. 'Won't this change his attitude to you, once he sees your pics?' we ventured. 'Hopefully!' said Patricia, thrusting her curvaceous bottom out at Robert's lens, clutching the red enamelled bedstead for dear life. 'Then perhaps he'll give me a pay rise so I don't have to stoop to dropping my drawers for naughty magazines for pin money!' We're laying odds-on Patricia will get her pay rise – but what she'll have to do to earn it is another matter altogether! See page 76 to find out how Patricia gets a rise.

CHANTALE

She's at that 'knocking at the door' stage in her career: a minor – but splendidly visual – role in a West End stage production: a portfolio full of further modelling assignments: and last, but not least, after 3 months of auditioning she finds herself in the nail-biting position of being one of just three hopefuls for the next Bond epic. She's certainly got the right statuesque build for the job, and she certainly won't fail the 'big one' on grounds of fitness. Chantale's a staunch advocate of jogging and weight training, and even likes her holidays action packed, ideally skiing or scuba diving. Indeed, one can't help but wonder where men fit into the equation: 'Oh, they fit in all right!' laughs this 25-year-old solicitor's daughter from Addiscombe, Surrey. 'I rarely surface from between the sheets on Sundays. I save it all up during the week, then I really indulge. It's good for my boyfriend, too. After six sexless nights he's virtually climbing the walls!' Chantale lifts her towelling top to dab perspiration from her upper lip. 'You don't think I'm being hard on the guy, do you?' she asks, puzzled by our reaction to her admission to weekday celibacy. Hard on? I fancy she's hit the nail on the head! Indulge yourself in Chantale by going to page 20.



KIRSTY

'Like the shorts?' asks this bubbly centre court fantasy from Kettering, Northants. 'I got them on holiday in Florida. They altered them so that they hug my bottom to the point of indecency. I wore them to a barbecue party last summer and I seemed to spend the whole time getting goosed.' Getting goosed? Hardly surprising when you take in the mouthwatering curves of Kirsty's wonder-butt: there must be a million men who'd like to hug it to the point of indecency too! But let's not lose too much sleep over Kirsty incurring ungentelemanly conduct because you get the distinct impression that if so much as one day in her life passed in which she wasn't cat-called, wolf-whistled, propositioned, goosed or flashed at, Kirsty would lapse into the deepest of deep depressions. For she's first and foremost an exhibitionist – a quality which, when combined with her physical charms, makes for great centrespread material. Kirsty, you see, has been around, and freely admits to having participated in some 'very rude modelling indeed', her indiscretion showing through once again when she commented: 'They even paid me as well!' Personally speaking, I like a girl who's got her heart in her work, because in Kirsty's type of work, where the heart goes the rude bits follow! Kirsty's rude bits follow on page 67.

SOPHIE

At just (only just) 18, this disarmingly pretty young art student from Manchester is by far the youngest model in this issue – in fact one of our youngest ever. She's also blessed with that girlishly innocent quality which has photographers tripping over their lighting cables and saying 'Dammit!' instead of the customary 'Gor-fuckinell' and editors chewing the hell out of Ball Pentels in the struggle for superlatives. For, quite simply, Sophie is stunning, the sort of lady about whom one could become very possessive indeed. But even as she unfastened her bra and peeled off her miniscule panties, arranging her long, shapely legs astride the oft-abused (!) studio sun bed, it struck one that there was already someone in Sophie's life spending more money than would be tolerated by the average student's bank manager. The Versace leather jacket alone must have been a £500 touch. A doting Daddy, we wondered? A lucrative week's work at Cosmo? 'Harry, actually,' explained Sophie, suddenly irritated by Sarah's insistence that her legs were too wide apart and that she was 'showing too much'. 'He's looked after me ever since I left home. Mummy and Daddy are crazy about him.' Harry, it transpired, is a West Indian bass player of some repute, who also happened to own 'big chunks' of Barbados, including three recording studios. You bet your sweet butt Mummy and Daddy are crazy about him! Go crazy for Sophie on page 44.



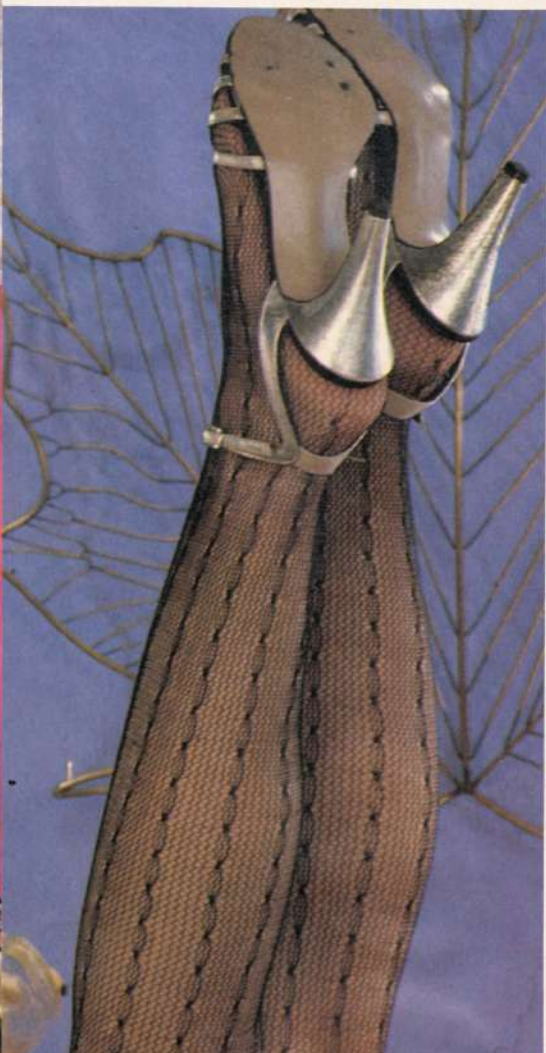


Photographs by R. B. Kane



MOIRA









LIFE



E WITH Linzi

LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in the world, writes exclusively in *Club International*...

Nude or topless bathing is not encouraged in Barbados (who needs encouraging!). This was the first problem I came across on that sunshine paradise; nobody even sunbathes topless, heaven forbid nude! The first day in my hotel, some frigid old maid reported me to the proprietor for wearing a G-string bikini bottom – good grief! Mind

you, I never heard a word from him though, so he must have appreciated seeing my near naked bum!

Sunbathing nude is the only way to sunbathe on beautiful beaches, which Barbados is famous for. Luckily, I managed to seek out plenty of the little, secluded coves around the island, where I could lie naked taking in the rays, Lindsay in hot pursuit with the camera capturing the mood. The weather was deliciously hot, and I'm pleased to report I've a lovely golden tan, even on my nipples! They look just like big chocolate buds. Unfortunately my nose was beginning to look a bit like a big cherry bud – so I had to take it easy.

Lindsay and I hired a scooter so we could explore Barbados. The island, shaped like a pear, isn't very big – about 14 miles

wide, and 20 long. Three sides of the island are washed with the idyllic turquoise Caribbean sea, whilst the green Atlantic surrounds the rugged east coast. On one of our first days on the island, we decided to visit the east coast. But we never got that far...

Travelling pillion on the back of a scooter makes you want to hang on very firmly. I started off holding Lindsay around his tummy, but as he was only wearing a tiny pair of swimming trunks, my hands moved downwards and I decided it would feel much nicer if I hung onto his cock! He obviously agreed, as we'd only travelled a few miles along the coast when I realized he had an enormous hard-on! We left the coast road and headed off into the farm-type villages, and very quickly found a secluded field.

Getting The Horn

Well, the hot sun always makes me feel horny, but in this field it was the wrong type of horny! Just as Lindsay and I were about to engage in a glorious fuck, I spied a huge bull gazing at us from the far side of the field! You don't need Magnus Magnusson to tell you once you've started you've got to finish – so there we were fumbling about, screwing in a field, with a voyeur bull for company! That fuck was definitely a quickie, I can tell you!

We finally made it to the south-east coast, where we spent a lazy day basking in the sun, although it was on the west coast where I next came across

some frivolous fun. This is the richest part, full of expensive luxury hotels, watersport clubs and rich playboys. I met one of these rich playboy types at the Garrison horse racing track.

Ric was a tall, blond, muscley, Canadian guy, in his early thirties I would guess, who owned a couple of racehorses that were competing at the track. I hadn't had a winner all afternoon, until I bet on Ric's horse 'Whopper' and won myself not only plenty of Barbadian dollars, but Ric's devoted attention.

When 'Whopper' won the big race of the day, Ric was called to the centre of the track for the presentation ceremony. As he walked back through the grandstand our eyes met in mutual appreciation, and he invited me to spend the following day with him at the Sandy Lane Hotel – the most exclusive on the island – where he was staying.

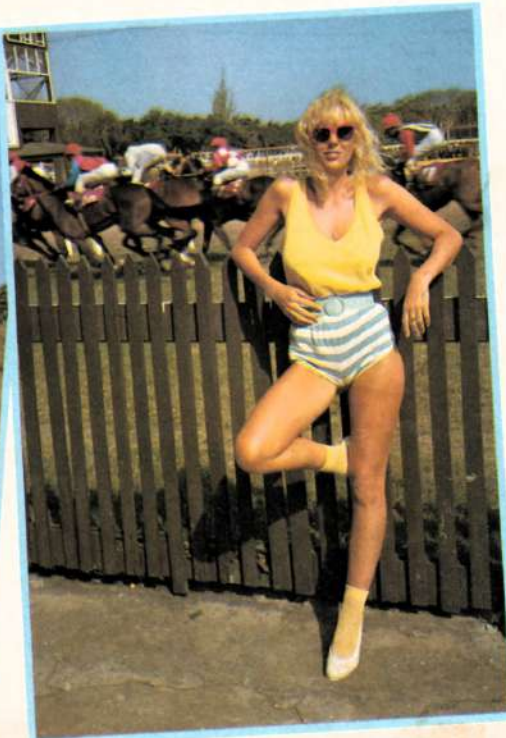
The next morning, a car arrived and whisked me off to Paradise. The hotel was a dream, the beautiful Caribbean sea lapping around the hotel's sun-decked terraces, huge cocktails, fresh seafood, not to mention this gorgeous man Ric to get my greedy little hands on!

After a delicious lunch, we decided to take a little trip on his catamaran. As soon as we were out at sea, I wasted little time in discarding my blue bikini to sunbathe au naturel, but Ric had other ideas! No sooner were my big chocolate buds out, than Ric was sucking on them greedily! The little boat was swaying about all over the place, as Ric enthusiastically made his way with his tongue towards my little button.

I could tell why he'd named his racehorse 'Whopper', as a huge bulge began to appear in his tight white shorts! Ric suggested we continue our watersport fun in his king-size water bed. I was on such a high, I just wanted to fuck there and then, but realizing the lack of facilities, I agreed, and we sped back to the shore to resume our passion on his water bed.

The next three days were a delight. If we weren't on that marvellous water bed screwing, we were either sailing, snorkelling, swimming or sunbathing. All good things begin with 'S' you'll note! I don't know if you've ever had the pleasure of doing it on a water bed – it is without doubt a pleasure! It enables you to screw for hours with the bed's beautiful rhythm, bringing you to one wonderful orgasm after

Photographs by Lindsay Honey



LIFE WITH *Linzi*

another. Of course, Ric's firm body and hard, pumping cock helped! Shame he had to go back to Vancouver. But of

course we all have to move on.

And I moved on to the breathtaking coastline on the east of the island, where I met a white Barbadian called Julian, who was in the process of building a holiday village called *Glenburnie*. He invited Lindsay and I to a special day out he was organizing for a few selected holidaymakers.

A film crew were coming along to make a promotional film for his venture, which is due to open for the high season

there in January. Beautiful little huts were being built, all from natural materials, mainly bamboo and coconut leaves. Even the shower cubicle was made entirely from palm tree leaves woven together.

When it opens, pretty Barbadian girls in grass skirts will serve breakfast, delivered by pony and trap. All the huts will be set back on the cliff, allowing maximum privacy to each. They all are overlooking the sea, which crashes to the shore just

a few feet below. Sounds the perfect natural holiday resort. And to complete the perfection – nudity is welcomed! Hurrah! A first for Barbados.

Julian gave us a wonderful day out. We were collected by taxi, smothered by rum punch while lazing in the lagoon-type rock pools and waited on hand and foot by three delightful ladies wearing nothing but grass skirts. The day finished with a sumptuous barbecue on a secluded beach while we



were serenaded by a steel band until sunset.

Lindsay had taken quite a fancy to one of the grass skirt brigade, a beautiful honey-coloured girl called Eva. She had a beautiful mane of long black hair, firm round boobs, and, poking out from underneath her grass skirt, one of the sexiest little bums I'd ever seen. Lindsay was positively drooling (come to think of it, so was I!). He asked her to dinner and she agreed eagerly. We all set off in

a taxi, back to our hotel on the south coast. It was dark when we arrived and the three of us sat around the small heart-shaped swimming pool, trimmed with red and yellow lights, and shared a jug of iced rum punch, which made us all a little tipsy.

About ten, we ordered another jug of rum punch and set off to our room. It was a twin room, but Lindsay and I had pushed the two single beds together, so the maid brought a

king-size sheet, and we were the proud owners of a monstrous seven-foot bed!

Eva was very giggly and danced around the room removing bits of her clothing, until she was left wearing just a tiny pair of pretty lemon knickers, which struggled to cover her thick bush of pubic hair. Lindsay, on his hands and knees, eased off her knickers and slowly kissed her between her thighs.

I thought tonight I would just

have a bit of voyeuristic fun, as I've always been a bit hesitant when it comes to the three-way scene, perhaps even a little embarrassed. That night, however, the Barbadian rum had gone straight to my head, so as they both undressed me I thought 'what the hell!'

Tangled Bodies

Lindsay was now the only one dressed, but his tight denim shorts were busting at the seams due to the excited state of his cock. Eva soon put that right. As I've already mentioned to you, Lindsay's a big boy, and Eva's eyes nearly popped out of her head when she saw the size of his erect cock. As soon as it was unleashed from those tight, tight shorts, Eva was sucking on it happily. Lindsay looked very happy too, so I squatted over his face, which he buried in my wetness.

The night progressed in a mass of our tangled bodies, hot and wet, sucking and fucking. When Lindsay lay exhausted after a particularly vigorous fuck, Eva and I had a little fun all on our own. This persuaded Lindsay's cock to stand to attention once more! I'm not quite sure what time this wonderful orgy came to an end, but unfortunately it had to, and we all collapsed in an exhausted heap and slept.

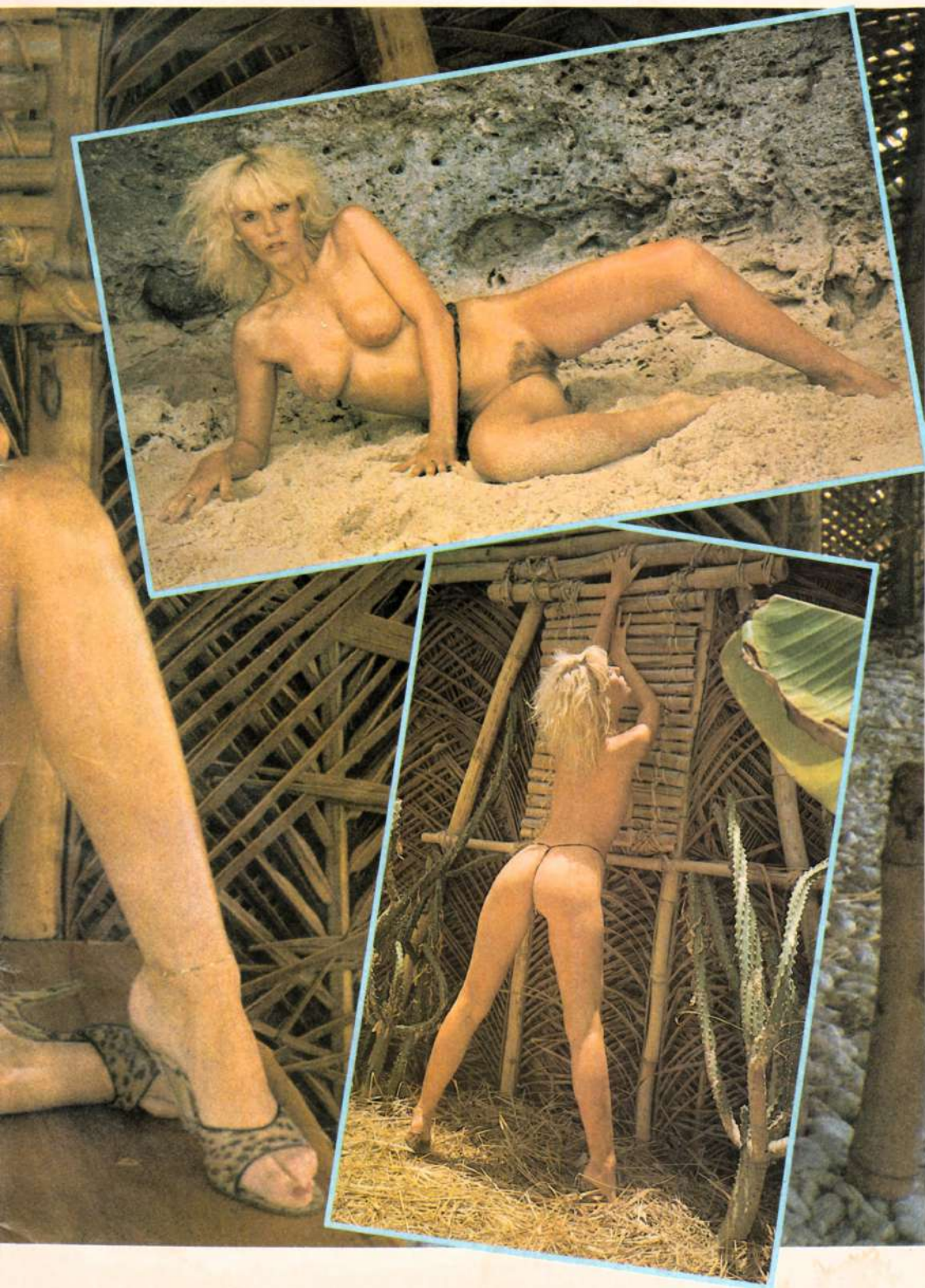
Wild Wet Dreams

When I awoke the next morning, Eva had disappeared, just leaving her musky, perfumed smell behind on the pillow. This convinced us it wasn't just a really wild wet dream brought on by too much punch!

Sadly, no more wet dreams, sunshine and rum punch as I sit typing this in my flat in Kensington. Mind you, the journey home from Barbados wasn't uneventful. The Barbadians have such a laid-back life style that it seems pretty difficult for them to get much together, even a simple thing like a taxi turning up on time to get you on your flight home. My cab was a mere hour late, which threw me into a mild panic, to say the least.

When I eventually got to Grantley Adams Airport in the nick of time, one of the straps on my shoulder bag broke, sending it crashing to the floor along with its contents – three bottles of rum! So now everything that was in that bag absolutely stinks of rum! Happy memories though.

Next stop: the duty free shop to replace my liquor supply, and



LIFE WITH Linzi

yet another adventure! As I waited to pay for my rum, there was a total electricity failure. It was a complete blackout, the sort of eerie darkness where nothing whatsoever is visible. I've got quite a good sense in the dark though, so I replenished my rum supply, and not a soul could see! Only problem was, as I bent over to commit this deadly deed, I felt a clammy hand on my bum!

When the lights came on, I had no idea which of the meek-

looking men standing near me had been touching me up. But I soon got my own back, as seconds later we were plunged into darkness again, and I had a good old grope too! Goodness knows just who I was groping, but he never uttered a sound!

The plane journey home was a little disappointing, as I was dying to join the Mile High club, but I didn't manage it this time. I'm hoping to have some success in joining this elite club soon - I'll let you know as soon as I do!

I'm a little sad to have left that beautiful island of Barbados, but there is one big consolation - you can't buy Club International in Barbados as men's magazines aren't allowed! Funny people, eh?

Keep the letters coming in please, gents. But remember - hands on your pens, not your penis! See you next month!



Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,

A question: do you have an orgasm when you're being photographed for a men's magazine, and are you turned on by the knowledge men drool at your pictures in Club?

I just want to say you are absolutely gorgeous, especially in your sexy bikini and leather boots. I get really turned on when I see a girl wearing leather boots - my three-inch prick turns into a six-inch one. When I saw you like that on page 32 of Club Vol 13 No 5, I shot my load all over the page.

If you want my opinion, you are the best-looking bird in all the magazines I have; and what a lovely name Linzi Drew is! In future issues of Club, I'd like to see you wearing a schoolgirl uniform.

Philip, Chester

As yet, Philip, I haven't shot my load while being photographed, but I'll let you know when I do! I have my old school uniform somewhere, so keep a look-out for me wearing it in future issues of Club.

Dear Linzi,

Here's a letter from Holland for you.

Last week, I bought for the first time the magazine Club International (Vol 13 No 6). When I saw the pictures of you

in it, I liked them very much, especially the photos on which you wear black leather high-heeled boots. They are so beautiful that I look at them every day!

It's a pity that the photos are not bigger. So I would ask you if we could have a photo of you the size of one or two pages, on which you wear your beautiful black leather high-heeled boots.

I think also you're the most beautiful woman in the world! Such a pretty face!

Love to you!

Cees, Netherlands

Thank you for writing to me all the way from the Netherlands, Cees. I also love my black thigh-length boots, as they make me feel so sexy. I'll have a word with my editor and see if we can have some bigger photos next time.

Dear Linzi,

I've just turned 18. I'm an apprentice interior designer with our local council - commonly known as a painter and decorator. I'm five feet ten inches tall, 12 stones, with blue eyes and light brown hair. I have a four-inch prick, which isn't exactly John Holmes, but it does its job.

Since I started working for the council, my sex life has improved enormously - you meet some very interesting peo-

ple. I lost my cherry to a lady whose home we were decorating, and we met two girls who wanked and sucked us off for a couple of quid.

Two of us were working at this woman's home at the time (it was nearly Christmas); my mate Colin and I. One Friday afternoon, Colin had pissed off to the pub with some of the other lads, so I was stuck in the house with this lady. She was about 45, not bad-looking and with lovely big tits.

I was scraping away at her wall when she asked if I'd like a drink. What with it being Christmas, I thought 'balls to the job' and accepted her offer.

After a few drinks, she sat next to me and kissed me on the cheek. Then, without any hesitation, she stuck her hand inside my overalls, whipped my cock out, and started to wank me. She said it was short and fat - just how she liked them. I was amazed!

She bent down, took me in her mouth and sucked me off. I came within seconds. "Oh! You are a quick worker!" she said. Then she took her blouse off to reveal those huge tits, with nipples erect.

I leaned over and took each hardened nipple in turn, sucking and chewing as she wanked me off. I was knackered. Then we had it. I lay on my back as she straddled me and gave me a 'Blackpool Tower'. Again, I came in seconds, and we lay there totally fucked.

The episode with the two girls

happened only recently. They'd been hanging around for a couple of days, so we thought it was time we found out who they were. They wouldn't tell us. All they said was: "Hand job £1, blow job £2." So, for the next few days, we were entertained by their teeth.

Since then, I try to get what I can, when I can. I really get turned on by girls in sexy undies, so, come on, Linzi - let's see you next month in some more sexy underwear, or possibly in a schoolgirl's uniform.

Dave, Accrington

Another request for a school uniform - I surely must obey. And I must say, Dave, the prices for a little fun in Accrington are very reasonable!

Dear Linzi,

In the pictures of you in Club Vol 13 No 5, I really admired your lovely breasts - they are an amazingly beautiful shape. And I loved seeing your gorgeous neck and shoulders all nice and wet in your bath.

You really are my favourite model, and I would love to massage your beautiful body. I will always be your loving man.

Denis, Annan

Glad to hear you like seeing my wet titties glistening in the bath, my 'loving man'.

Address your letters to
Linzi,
Club International,
2 Archer Street,
London W1V 7HE.

'THE USUAL PROBLEMS OF MAN MEETS WOMAN'

*** solved by Dateline!**

Michael Wheeler is an articulate, good-looking businessman in his mid-thirties. Born and bred in London, his work has taken him all over the world. Despite his busy life-style he found time to marry, but unfortunately his marriage failed and he found himself back in London, trying to rebuild his social life.

'My cousin, who lives in London, suggested that I should join Dateline. I must admit, I found the idea appealing because I was aware of Dateline. In fact, I had been a member way back in the sixties. I found no great romantic successes at that time but many, shall we say, nice encounters, so when my cousin suggested the idea again I thought 'Why not, I'm only going to live once, why not make the best of it?'

Michael didn't join Dateline to find 'the woman of my dreams'. 'I joined because after a long absence from a city like London you tend to find that your friends and acquaintances have married or moved away. Although I obviously missed female company, I also found that I had no circle of friends left at all.'

'When my first list of names from Dateline arrived and I began to receive calls from women with whom I had been matched on the computer, my social life improved out of all recognition almost overnight! My only problem was time, because all of the women I spoke to were so pleasant that I felt I had to meet them. In the event, I met four from my first list of names. Two I felt I could quite happily be friends with; the other two meant rather more.'

Michael doesn't mind people knowing he is a member of Dateline. 'There's not the adverse reaction from family and friends that I think some people may expect,' he said. 'I did perhaps feel, as many people probably do, that there's some sort of stigma about admitting to feeling lonely. But that's rubbish as loneliness affects every person at some stage of their life, no matter what their circumstances. It's something that has to be

overcome by any means available to us. Dateline may sound cold-blooded to some people, but I have found it certainly isn't. It may perhaps be more socially acceptable to meet people of the opposite sex in pubs or clubs, but really Dateline wins above those places. I don't like competing with smoke and noise, and it's far nicer to know that the woman you're telephoning has the interests and desires you're looking for. It provides a basic understanding before you even say hello. Obviously, all the usual problems of man meets woman are still there, but you have conquered quite a few of the barriers that so often make a relationship fail before its really started.'

He stopped to consider for a moment. 'I don't know what you need from life. All I really want is happiness, and a large part of the happiness I seek is the happiness that can be gained from the



relationship between a man and a woman. At least two of the women I have met directly through Dateline have become friends and it's good to know that if I am at a loose end there's someone I can 'phone for a chat or to arrange an evening out.'

Michael has recently suspended his membership of Dateline. He has met a young woman who is a friend of one of his Dateline introductions. Their relationship has blossomed into love and they are now engaged to be married.

If you would like to be one of the many thousands of people nationwide who have been enjoying a new social life, and finding love and happiness through Dateline, complete the simple questionnaire below. We will send you confidentially and completely free, full details about Dateline and how it works, and details of just one of the Dateline members who are compatible with you. Send to:

Dateline Computer Dating, 23 Abingdon Rd., London W8. Tel: 01-938 1011.

CONFIDENTIAL

FREE: Computer Test to Find Your Ideal Partner.

START HERE

1 Do you consider yourself:

☐ Shy	☐ Generous
☐ Extrovert	☐ Outdoor type
☐ Adventurous	☐ Creative
☐ Family type	☐ Practical
☐ Clothes-conscious	☐ Intellectual

2 Indicate which activities and interests you enjoy by placing a '1' (one) in the appropriate box. If you dislike a particular activity, write a '0' (nought) in the box. If you have no preference, leave the column blank.

☐ Pop music	☐ Politics
☐ Fashion	☐ Classical music
☐ Pubs	☐ Art/Literature
☐ Sport	☐ 'Live' theatre
☐ Pets	☐ Science or technology
☐ Folk music	☐ Creative writing/painting
☐ Jazz	☐ Poetry
☐ Travelling	☐ Philosophy/Psychology/Sociology
☐ Cinema	☐ History/Archaeology
☐ Good food	☐ Conversation

☐ I am over seventeen and would like you to send me completely free and without obligation, a description of my ideal partner. Plus a free full colour brochure and lots more information about Dateline. I enclose two first class stamps.

3 Your sex put M or F **Your Height** ft. ins

Your Age yrs. **Age you would like to meet** Min. Max.

Christian Name _____

Surname _____

Address _____

Nationality _____, **Religion** _____

Occupation _____

Send today to:
Dateline, Dept B 22
 23/25 Abingdon Rd.
 London W.8.
 01-938 1011

Photographs by Serge Jacques



Chantale











SKETCH CLUB



No madam – I said: 'Would you like to sniff the cork?'



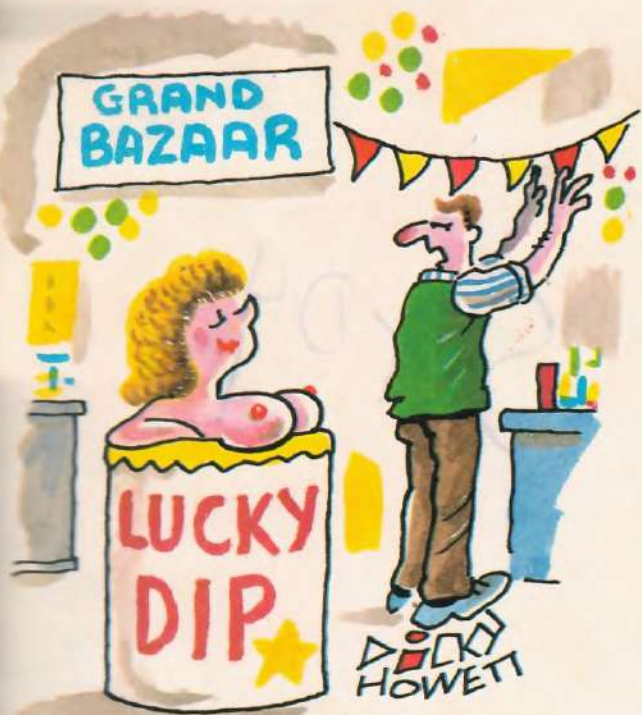
Not now, you impetuous fool



The elephants are at it again



That's not the sort of emergency stop I had in mind, Mrs Geary



Get out of there, Sylvia



I never actually realised you could suck the venom out of a nettle sting



Say what you like about Higginbottom – he's the best store detective we've ever had

Portrait



Brian O'Hanlon talks to PAUL RAYMOND

Paul Raymond has made sex acceptable. The *Raymond Revuebar* is now in its 27th year. The current *Festival of Erotica* is staged there three times a night, six nights a week. It is an integral part of the West End scene and is a major attraction for visitors to London from all parts of Britain and the world. Even in 1984

when a nude is as commonplace in Paul Raymond's magazines as Denis Compton's clean-shaven face used to be advertising *Brylcreem* to the last generation, the *Raymond Revuebar* still packs them in.

We sit facing each other across a yard or two of tooled leather desk in his third floor eyrie above *La Vie En Rose*, the old

Windmill Theatre that was. As testimony to Mr. Raymond's acceptability, cartoon originals are above the door and on every wall, their captions reflecting moments in a long career when he yet again grabbed the headlines offering Mark Thatcher racing sponsorship, and Anna Ford £75,000 to strip.



Whenever a politician has made a reference to him, by name, or the permissive society in general, the cartoonists have nailed it to Raymond's mast.

Paul Raymond was born in Liverpool and educated at St Francis Xavier's College and later at the Glossop Grammar School, Derbyshire, played football for the Derbyshire School Boys XI and is a grandson of a Superintendent of the Liverpool Police.

He was brought up in a middle class, professional background from which he rebelled, worked down the mines at the Swinton Colliery, Salford, near Manchester, worked as a market trader, a drummer, a music hall act, pursued a career in the Royal Air Force amongst many other jobs before becoming an impresario, publisher, businessman and financier.

A fastidious dresser, a multi-millionaire — he does not disagree — rich, but not nouveau. The watch is gold; the car is a Rolls and chauffeur driven, but it is his

chauffeur, his hairdresser, or a man in the street he does not know from a bar of soap that he will listen to and whose opinions he values highly, thus never losing his common touch.

Raymond is the first to admit he has not always been right — unlike Mrs Thatcher, perhaps, whom he greatly admires. He has made a mint out of striptease, erotic dancing, nudes in lions' cages, on ice, on roller skates, and has dropped a packet with *The Royalty Follies*, a huge Paris Lido-type spectacular revue.

The Fan Dancer

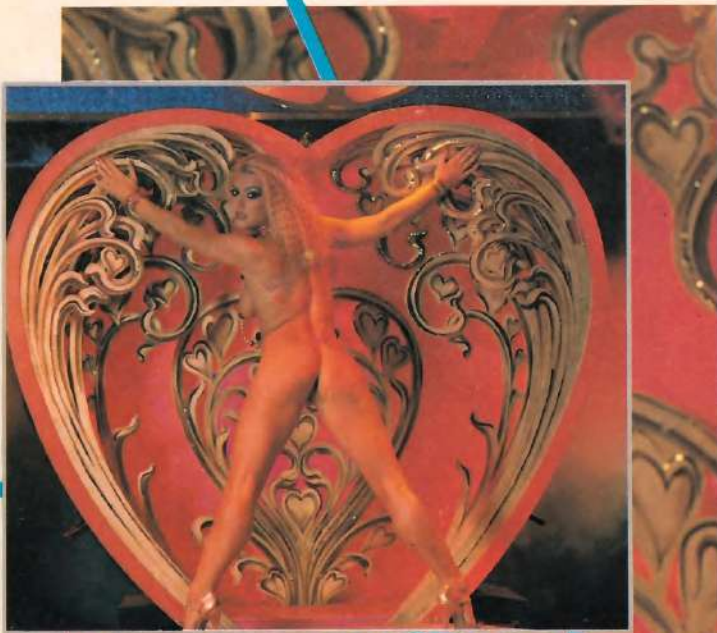
'The original *Revuebar* shows were extensions of the Paul Raymond touring productions,' he recalls. 'We got around the law, as it was then, of nudes not moving, by putting them on revolving stages; like the fan dancer ... now you see it, now you don't. More like "Jane" of the *Daily Mirror*.' She was one of the biggest music hall strip

attractions of the time whom he toured from 1952 to 1958.

He also presented the famous stripper, Phyllis Dixey, in the show *Peek-a-Boo*. During those six years, he presented around 12 different touring revues each year, each one touring the whole of Britain for some 42 weeks every year.

'Suspender belts and stockings are coming back,' he says. 'They went out about 1968. They were killed off by the mini skirt craze when women of every age group wore them.'

'In 1958, I found out that nudes could move about on stage, provided it was a private members' club. That's when I opened the *Revuebar*. Ten years later we had the 1968 Public Theatres Act which dispensed with the Lord Chamberlain's control which made mobile nudity legal in all theatres. The *Raymond Revuebar* then became a theatre open to the general public, which it is to this day.'



'Double-breasted suits are in again, for men, and turn-ups too,' he continues, shooting a leg up above the desk. 'So is the mini, but it will not take over again. It is just one option women have to wear today.'

Paul Raymond has been in show business 35 years: from early pre-National Service days booking dance bands in Liverpool, to doing a mind-reading act he bought for £25 in the heyday of the variety halls, graduating to putting on his own shows as the take-over of television caused audiences to fall around the country's old theatres. With one exception; the statuesque nude. The one who posed midway through the second half of the bill on a beer

crate covered with black crepe. *That* would still bring them in.

Raymond had a dancer in his show and asked her if she would, in addition to her high kicks, pose nude, for an extra ten shillings (ie fifty pence) a week – quite a lot in those days of the early fifties when a dancer's salary was £5 a week. She did, and the audience drain stopped.

Moving Nudes

The following week she was way up on the billing, and joined by another girl.

That was the Raymond start in the product which was to make him a household name. He came to London to assist

running an agency. It didn't work because of partners. His idea of putting on moving nudes in membership clubs was also spiked, because the club owner decided that if *he* could put on nudes in his own premises, why did he need Paul Raymond?

From then on, Paul Raymond has gone his own way completely independently. In 1958, he took over the *Doric Rooms* from Jack Isow, a famous Jewish restaurateur of the '50s and '60s. It was a private members' club with theatre-style raked seating, a costly production, a live orchestra, bars and attractive waitresses serving during performances.

Because it was so big and done in so



much style, it caused a minor sensation in the London of 26 years ago. Police cases and publicity followed, hand in hand. Fleet Street even had a Raymond ban at one time, but still they came. Not the dirty raincoat brigade, but surprisingly at that time, men of all ages, and tourists too, a significant amount with their wives and girlfriends.

Success Formula

The *Raymond Revuebar* had become a place a man could go to, rather like the *Crazy Horse* in Paris, and let everyone know he had been there. It was 'in'.

But, back to stockings and suspenders. I

have just seen the new show at the *Revuebar*, and there were an awful lot of them being taken off.

Mr. Raymond agrees. 'Various ads showing girls with suspenders and stockings made me think of introducing more acts like that. We decided to put one in. It was a success, so we gradually put in more and more.'

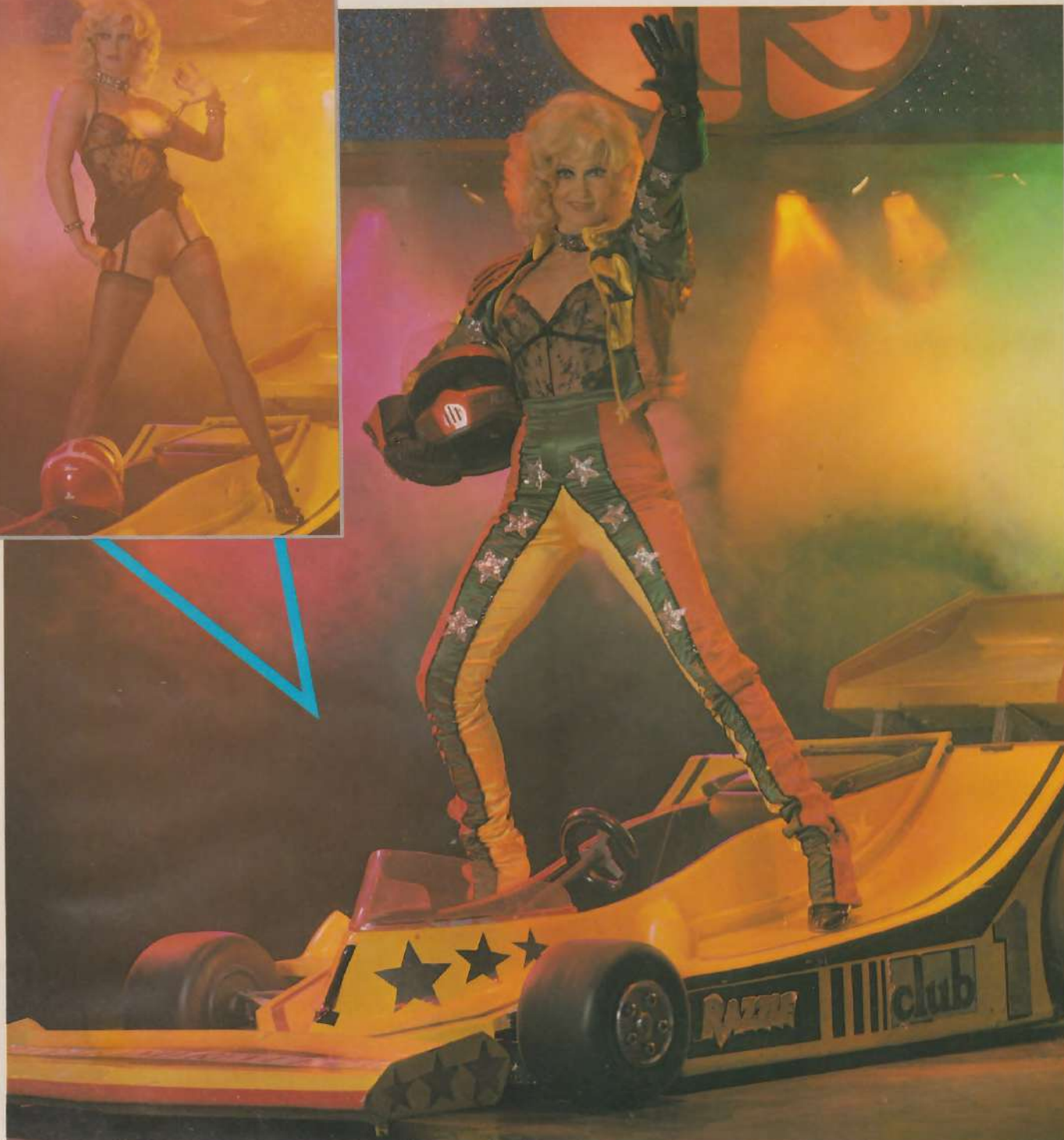
Staging a new *Revuebar* show these days costs more than a pre-war Busby Berkeley Hollywood extravaganza. The figure is around £250,000.

'To put a new act on — one new act — costs £20,000,' declares Mr. Raymond. 'That's lights, rehearsals, props.

'I spent £26,000 on a new proscenium arch in the current show. The props are rarely under £10,000 — the racing car was £9000 alone, the space craft £15,000. People say they can buy real cars for less, but they forget those sort of cars come off a production line. They are not specially-made one-offs.'

Things always change, and never more so than in show business. The Raymond success formula has been to keep a weather eye on the horizon to anticipate, to lead and not to merely follow what others are doing.

'The disco?' muses Paul Raymond. 'Look how that's changed from twenty years ago.



It's the old Palais de Dance given another name and brought up to date, isn't it? A modern name for a dance hall.

'I believe that the word *striptease* is coming back, along with black stockings and suspenders, but it won't be accepted until all the tatty joints have stopped using it. At the moment, people immediately think of striptease as clip-joint.'

But surely most acts at the *Raymond Revuebar* have not been doing a strip as I understand it?

We agree after some pause for reflection that striptease is the better word, except for its current downmarket connotation. Hence the semantics; the *Festival of Erotica*.

What I have noticed, as a purveyor of the

strip scene for almost as long as Mr. Raymond, is the lack of big star Continental names at the *Raymond Revuebar* of late and there seems to be much less emphasis on where the girls come from. Instead, much more is made of the lighting, the sound effects, the props and the production. But the strip, the erotic, is very much to the front, even more so than before.

Best in the World

He agrees. 'There are not the big names such as Rita Reaumer and Cha Landres that were around in the '60s and early '70s. Clubs on the Continent now make the acts sit out front and double as hostesses, which has killed off the type of top acts who used

to go around Europe and all over the world with their managers and a vast amount of props.

'The club owners on the Continent now are more interested in how many bottles of champagne a girl can drink than anything else.

'The *Crazy Horse* in Paris and the *Raymond Revuebar* are the only two top theatres of nude entertainment in the world. Nowhere else matches them.

'Things, as we've discussed, change. They change all the time. We do have many more English girls at the *Revuebar* now. Girls have heard of the *Raymond Revuebar*. They want to work here and want to earn more than they can anywhere else and at

PAUL RAYMOND'S
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BURLESQUE
.....*Show*.....



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Limits what is Sexually
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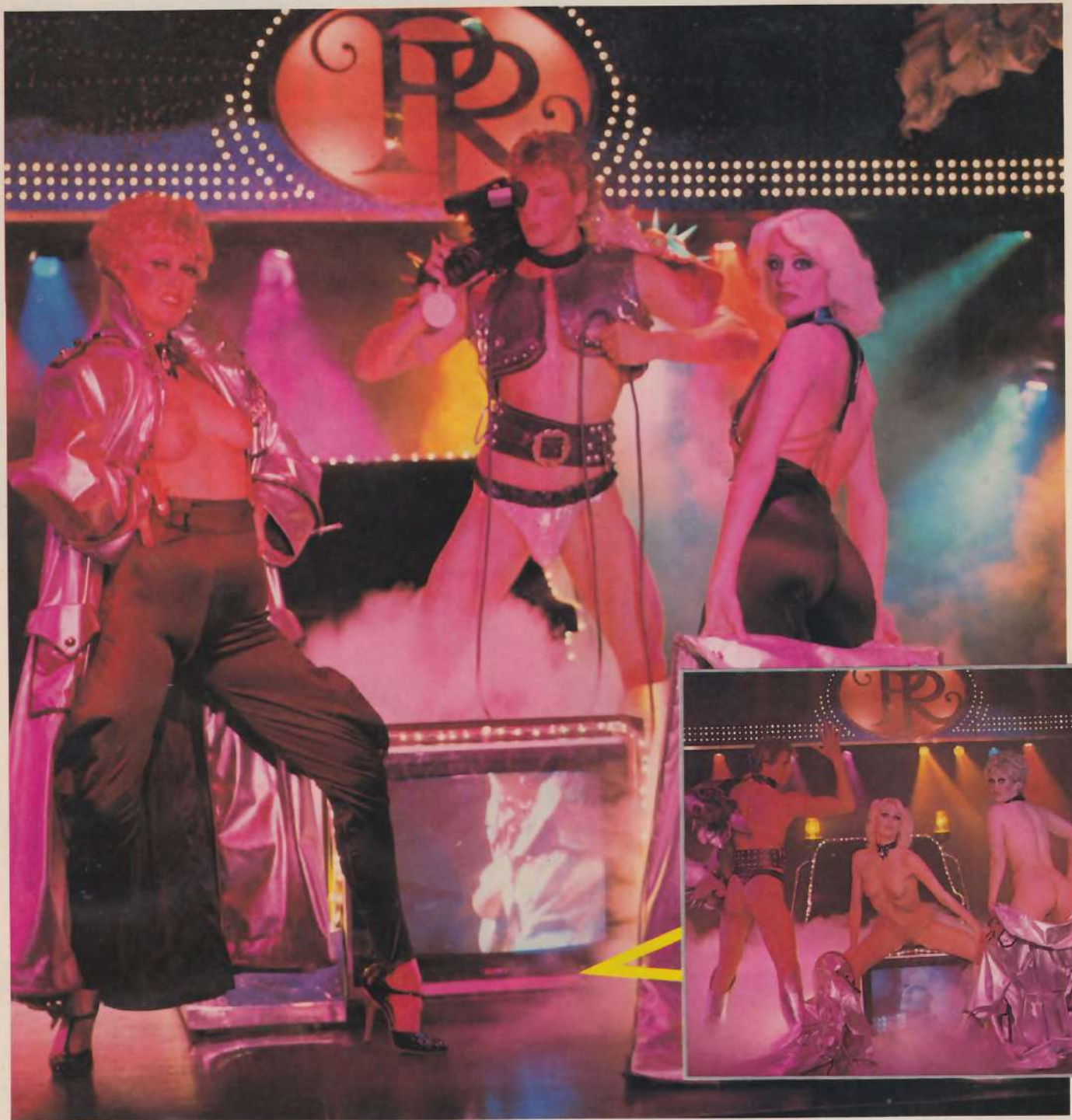
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**COMING SOON TO
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**RAYMOND REVUEBAR
EAT YOUR HEART OUT!**



most other jobs.'

What are Paul Raymond's favourite types of girl? Does he remember one specific act down all the years that really turned him on?

'No,' he replies. 'We have had and still have the best in the world here. Each new show is better than the last. It has to be to survive and we go back a long way. The girls who appeared in my *Raymond Revuebar* production in 1958 would be between 44 and 52 years of age now and have daughters of their ages then. We have had some of their daughters working for us in our present day shows!

'What does change is the music, which means a different mood or beat; a different way of appearing on stage and presentation. We all have a different approach to life

from those early days.

'I never pick girls or shows to suit myself — it is what I think the audience want which is the criterion.'

One wonders if Mr. Raymond has become sex-satiated? He looks momentarily alarmed at the thought. 'No, no, no. I still look at attractive girls in the street. I am sure most men do, whenever the occasion arises.'

How many girls have appeared at the *Raymond Revuebar* between 1958 and 1984?

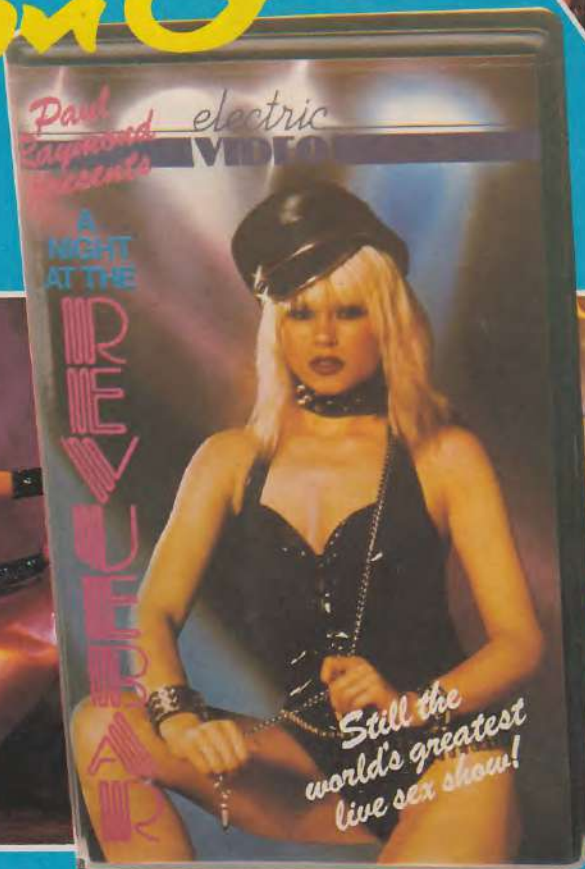
'750!' is the instant answer from the boss, who picks up the intercom to say he will look at yet another eager aspirant tomorrow afternoon.

His magazines, *Club*, *Men Only*, *Escort*,

Razzle, *Model Directory* and various 'special' publications command around 70% of the total sales of all men's magazines in the United Kingdom plus over two million sales per month in America with just two of his magazines.

At the moment Paul is preparing what he describes as 'a whole new concept in erotic entertainment': a live show shortly to be presented in the West End of London at a new venue yet to be announced. The show will include a few of his great ideas of the past, brought up to date to appeal to the 1985 audiences but with the accent on new ideas never performed before. Its title is Paul Raymond's *Razzle Dazzle Burlesque Show*. Sounds great. Watch out for further details.

Finally On Film



Last November, for the first time in its 26 year history, Paul Raymond permitted cameras into the Revuebar to witness in its entirety what must be the most unique and extravagant live sex show in the world.
Don't miss this extraordinary experience.

To: Electric Video, 41 Paddington Street, London W1. 01-935 7288

Please send me Revuebar tape(s) at £39.95 each. I am over 18 years of age.

I enclose cheque/postal order to the value £..... made payable to Electric Video Ltd.

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Joanna's body is all animal – firm and fit – demanding constant exercise... and sex! She caresses you, she moves on top of you, you slip inside her, her muscles hold you tight as she moves up and down, pulling you to a climax... again and again.



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Sun, sea and sand... it all adds up to sex! Our 3 stunning girls go that little bit further in the tropics - it must be sunstroke. Their loss is your gain!



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Spend a weekend with us couped up in the Yab-Yam, the world's most expensive whore-house - watch sex-crazed girls turn their tricks, and perform the sex act in front of the cameras - our most exhausting assignment so far.



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When the randy young daughter of a wealthy oil man runs away to Las Vegas, he hires a detective agency's top male/female partnership to track her down. In an attempt to find her, they organise a succession of wild parties and orgies. The sleuths very quickly get involved in the outrageous web of sex and vice that has made Las Vegas and its girls famous.

CASANOVA II
The story of the world's most famous lover, Casanova, through to his modern day descendants. By chance, two brothers discover a perfume used by their great ancestor is an aphrodisiac. No time is wasted in trying it out on every girl they meet. After exhausting their own sexual appetites, due to some sensational explicit encounters, they market the perfume. Soon everyone is aroused by it. The horny sex that follows would have done justice to Casanova himself.

To: Electric Video Ltd., 41 Paddington Street, London W1M 3RN. 01-723 5414

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MORE
CONFESSIONS
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club Catwalk



Maggie's fashion parade in Club Vol 13 No 7 received such rave reviews from readers that we just had to bring her back again. Apparently what turned you on then was the 'masculine' look of Maggie's outfit. We've gone a step further this month. What Maggie is showing off this time, is definitely one for the boys. It's a man's suit - with a difference. It was designed by a robot in Italy.

If you'd like a suit designed especially for you by computer it will cost you anything from £194 to £313 (excluding VAT) depending on your choice of material. There's a wide selection too, of pure cottons, silk, linen and Super 100 merino wools to choose from.

For further information about these computer designed suits get in touch with the robot's agents at 36 Sackville Street, London W1.

The Designer

Believe it or not, it's a computer, owned by a company in Italy called GFT, which is responsible for Maggie's suit. Individual measurements are fed into the computer and a design pattern produced which is best suited to you. In other words the computer works out the ideal cut for your figure to guarantee that you look absolutely tip-top. The cloth is then cut by laser. And the advantage of all this high-tec? Quite simply it comes up with personally designed, stylish men's suits equal to any hand-tailored chic - but for half the price or less.



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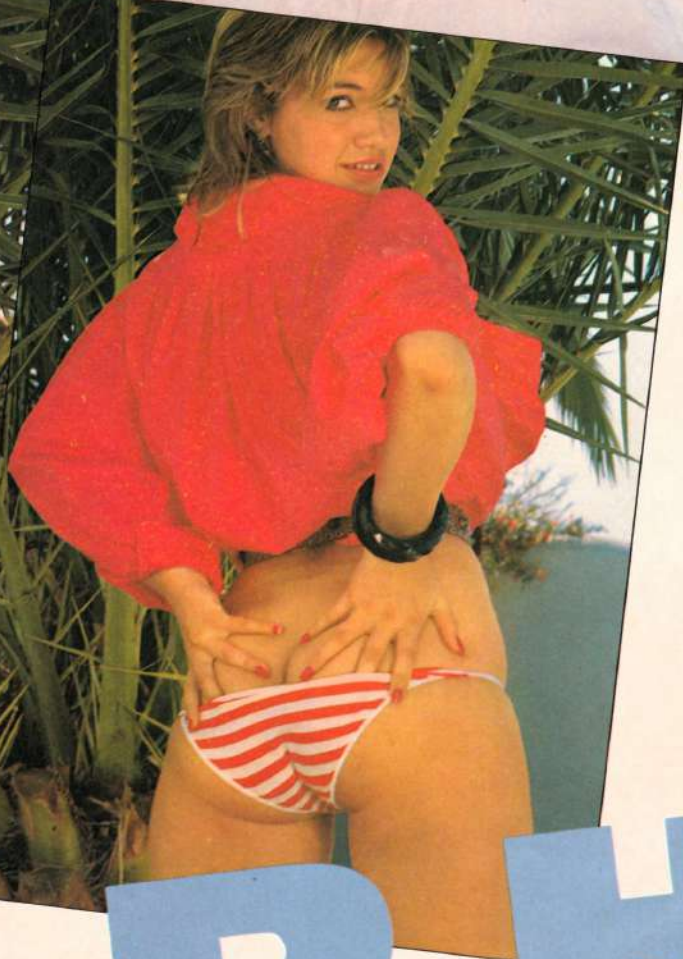












SOPH













club



club



ONE EYED



DICK

By Raymond Handler.
Illustration by Stanley Accrington

THE STORY SO FAR. You tell me, Jack. One-Eyed Dick, supersleuth extraordinaire, master of disguise, hypocrisy, incompetency and general inadequacy, along with his sometimes loyal Limey cohort Sir Nigel Dorking (he of the monocle and the monotonous habit of exposing himself to fire hydrants) is hired by Rudolf Wurst – proprietor of Wurst Newspapers Group – to track down a gang of South American-based ex Nazi media saboteurs. After seven killings, five mutilations, four rapes and a nasty, pimply, recurring genital rash, Dick, Dork and Bertha (a big-chested, cock-happy broad thrown in for good measure) report back to Wurst Castle where Velma – Wurst's teenage nympho bride – gives them three one-way tickets to Santiago. Now read on. Or just look at the dirty pictures like every other schmuck. It's entirely up to you.

'Forgive me for questioning your generosity, Velma,' said Dorking, wringing his hands like he was washing out a durex under the faucet. 'But assuming we manage to crack this nasty little racket, is it not reasonable to expect a return ticket?'

Velma sneered and crossed her legs with all the sex appeal of a Sumo wrestler effecting a crab lock.

'Reasonable?' she spat. 'Reasonable, you say? You run up an expenses bill of fifteen grand, drink all my poor husband's Chateau Lafite '62, give herpes to my entire domestic staff, cum all over my Balenciaga ball gown and you talk to me about REASONABLE? You can call me direct from Santiago when all those nasty Nazis are pushing up coca plants or tapioca or whatever the hell it is they grow out there. Then and only then we'll talk about flying you home. Now get out of my sight, the three of you!'

Bursting Urge

The Dakota flight across the Andes was a nightmare. Dorking and Bertha, high on air sickness pills and Chilean vermouth, spent the entire duration locked in the john with a copy of De Sade's *Justine*, plenty of rubber hosing and my golf clubs. Air turbulence combined with the bursting urge for a piss made poor travelling companions, and it was only the stewardess's insistence that kicking the john door open would decompress the entire cabin area (in a Dakota, for Crissakes?) that Dorking wasn't physically dragged off the head by his irate fellow passengers.

The air pollution in downtown Santiago is so dire it has you gasping for a pack of Kool – and brother, that's dire. Indeed, they say the most common cause of death thereabouts is oxygen starvation immediately after orgasm: you gasp for air and all you



CUNNINGLY CONCEALED FROM PUBLIC GAZE



get is a lungful of cactus pollen, auto fumes and yak hair. Dorking, meanwhile, was gasping more for the leaves of the coca bush than mere oxygen.

The guy driving us to the hotel in the llama cart broke it to him as gently as he could that the bag of vegetation the guy in the blanket and ten-gallon hat had sold him outside the airport was a local variety of flora known as *El Laxatosa* – and that coca grew not in Chile, but in neighbouring Colombia. Dorking's monocle dropped in horror as the penny dropped – and the first thundering crescendo cascaded uncontrollably from his bowels.

Desperate Attempt

Jet-lagged and shit-splattered, we checked into the *Los Gringos* and dumped our luggage into a fly-blown, adobe-walled apology for a suite, Bertha wasting no time in plugging Dorking's offending orifice with the cork of a Tequila bottle that he'd drained in one desperate last attempt to adjust to the reality of life in a narcotics-free environment.

As he collapsed unconscious, I grasped the opportunity to grab Bertha's plump butt as she stooped invitingly over the bed, scraping the sheets and plucking dead fruit bats out of the mosquito nets. Hoisting her skimpy skirt I flicked her pantie-crotch aside and zapped my bullhead bang up her bulls-eye without so much as a warm-up, clutching her hips like a steer's ears, digging the way her buns rippled as each poke found its mark. I guess it's true what they say: there's a hidden romantic inside every private eye.

Using the sophisticated radio detection equipment Dorking bought as a job lot from a Times Square novelty shop, it didn't take long to establish that the subversives were transmitting from somewhere within the impoverished south-east side of the city, a sprawling shanty town punctuated by the occasional mud hut or dead dog, where disease is rife, children run naked, and hookers turn tricks for shirt buttons.

Though severely hampered by having lost the means of fastening our shirts, we were nevertheless quick to locate the source of

the transmissions, which appeared to emanate from an ancient villa cunningly concealed from the public gaze by a pile of surplus World War Two gas masks.

It was Bertha who summoned up enough spunk to creep up to a small window at the back of the villa and peek inside (she being a sucker for being goosed from behind at any goddamned opportunity). True to form, Dorking positioned himself on all fours behind her and buried his tongue between her buns, enabling me to climb on his shoulders and get the best view of all... of a heavily-built moustachioed kitchen maid douching herself with *Dr Pepper*.

Dragging Dorking from between Bertha's statuesque thighs, I led the way around the corner and peered through yet another window. A group of aged, balding, unshaven and strangely muscular ladies were sitting at a table, playing Monopoly.

Wizened Crones

'Come on, Hermy,' said one. 'You give me London and I'll give you Monte Cassino, Stalingrad and the Bridge at Remagen. Just sink vot you could do with zese, given un second time around! Zis time you'll vin, I promise!'

'Promises, schpromises!' came an even heavier-accented reply. 'Addy promised me London forty years ago and look where it got me! Got mein balls burnt off torching those fake corpses in der bunker, while vise guy Addy grabs ze art treasures and takes the first flight to La Paz dressed as vun of ze Mitford frauleins! Once shat on, twice paranoid, zat's me. Your go, Josie!'

'God, what an ugly bunch of wizened crones!' gasped Dorking. 'Not a day younger than 80, any of 'em. Are you quite positive they're transmitting from this address?'

'Gentlemen, I sink it's time you joined us inside!'

We spun around to find ourselves confronted by a ghastly, scar-faced apparition in a faded, tattered battledress and brandishing a rusted-out Schmeisser machine pistol. His flesh appeared ready to fall from his bones at the click of a heel, and but for the two Dobermans straining at the leash, handled by a withered, Igor-like figure attired in the uniform of a Papal guard circa 1843, I might have been prepared to put the cobwebbed gun muzzle to the test. Hands on heads, we were frogmarched down a flight of stone stairs to a dimly-lit cellar.

'Bags I get tied to Bertha!' the degenerate Dorking abjectly pleaded. 'Make those knots



But Liza Lane certainly is. You can read her very own private diary every month in Razzle – and see this mad, mad girl flashing her public place in public parts.

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THE ROPES TIGHTENED AND HER TITS BURST THROUGH HER FLIMSY SHIRT



good and tight, there's a good, er, thing. Just like the ones in the bondage supplement of this month's *Fetish Times*. Just think of it, Bertha, our favourite wet dream fantasy come true. Only this time they're real Nazis, not those mincing faggots wearing Bermans & Nathans cast-offs from *The Iron Cross* you have to put up with in *Plato's Retreat*. Oh goody goody!

Feverish Rantings

Clearly the pressures of three months' intensive investigation had gone straight to the Limey's noddle, his feverish rantings veering from the demented to stark-staring raving mad. 'Hitler was right!' he screamed, stabbing a hand skywards, pounding his groin with the other, as we were bound hand and foot in four chairs.

A wry smile threatened to crack the old Nazi's face from ear to ear. 'Oh ja? Right now, young man, I would advise you to be silent and contemplate the fate which befell that other great English turncoat and Radio Luxembourg DJ, Lord Haw Haw.'

Without so much as a bowl of water or a crust of bread we were left tightly bound with only the rats and Dorking's dementia for

company. Bertha, wriggling around in a vain endeavour to free herself, only succeeded in shuffling her skirt hem up around her waist, like a scene from *Sweet Gwendoline*. Dorking, still ecstatic at the hopelessness of his plight, somehow managed to extricate his dick from his pants, and, to his profound delight, a mosquito obligingly settled right on its tip and lowered its proboscis, causing the glans to swell alarmingly. Not that Dorking was exactly dismayed: 'Gosh, I say! Best damn head job since cousin Lucy bet me ten bob I couldn't get my cock down her new waste disposal unit!'

'God, it's almost twice its normal size!' panted Bertha, eyes popping. 'If only I could get a little nearer, maybe we could wile away our final hours in style!' As she struggled to edge her chair nearer to Dorking's seemingly irresistible hard-on, the ropes tightened across her chest and her tits suddenly burst through her flimsy shirt.

'I say, chaps, I think old Dorky's going to pop his nuts!' the mad aristo gasped, eyes bulging, tongue lolling unappealingly from the corner of his mouth. At which point the door burst open and the cellar filled with a blindingly intense light (wouldn't you just know it? Every time I go to a porno theatre the projector bulb pops every time they get to the cum shots. I should have stuck with auto repossessions). Guys wielding cameras, lighting equipment and clapper boards

charged in, followed by a midget in a white tuxedo, an SS officer's hat and a stick-on moustache, clutching a portable mike. Dorking's hard-on shrivelled to the size of Eva Braun's left nipple as the leering, diminutive dago approached.

Peeping Pleasure

'Buena sera, senors e senoritas!' the little runt squawked, addressing a hand-held camera. 'Welcome to Santiago Cable TV Channel X for tonight's edition of *Midnight Blue*. I'm your host Alpaca Vicuna, and for your prime-time peeping pleasure we've managed to corner that famous Gringo private detective One-Eyed Deek and his assestant Sir Miguel Dorking - plus this adorable Honey in the bondage gear - for an exclusive X-rated eenterview. For you see, senors and senoritas, these dumb Gringos think they're the punk generation's answer to Simon Wiesenthal! Shit, they even think that prominent Nazis are alive and well and living in Madame Manuela's transvestite whorehouse!'

The Latino cretin shoved the mike under my nose like a faggot offering a pal a snort of amyl nitrate at a gay club.

'Now, sir, perhaps you'd care to tell our viewers the real reason for your visit? To work a yak shit smuggling scam? To seek Inca treasure? Or just to provide a belly laugh for the folks back home?' He held up the latest edition of *Metropolitan Review*, a Wurst publication.

'OUR WACKO NAZI HUNTERS SLIP UP IN CHILE: "WHAT A SAUCE!" SAYS BARED BONDAGE BABE BERTHA BOSOMHEISTER!'

I tugged at my bonds in disbelief, but there was nothing jokey about the way I was secured. Sweat was pouring off my body from the heat of the lamps, my wrists were bleeding and my head was spinning with confusion. The last thing I saw before blacking out was a make-up girl working on Dorking's face as, with an unmistakably treacherous grin, he signed what appeared to be a contract of some kind.

HAS Dorking finally ratted on One-Eyed Dick for good?

HAVE the Wurst family set our undynamic trio up from the start as some kind of in-house Vaudeville act?

ARE Dick and Dork about to experience the preliminary manifestations of Chilean clap?

READ all about it in next month's adventures of ONE-EYED DICK!



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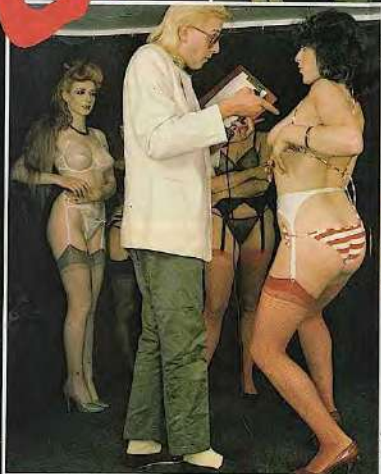
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club Event



'Stockings and suspenders was the theme for this fun evening at a hostelry in Surrey. It was organised by the social secretary of a local cricket club who told us they wanted something a little more sophisticated than wet T-shirts.

'Damp vests are, after all, rather common these days and better suited to rugby clubs who are inclined to be more vulgar than we cricket chappies, don't you know!'

However, like all good events attended by Club International, things did get a little out of hand. And it wasn't long before we said farewell to stockings and suspenders - and knickers too, come to that.



club Event



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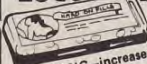
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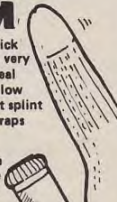
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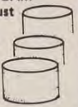
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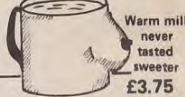
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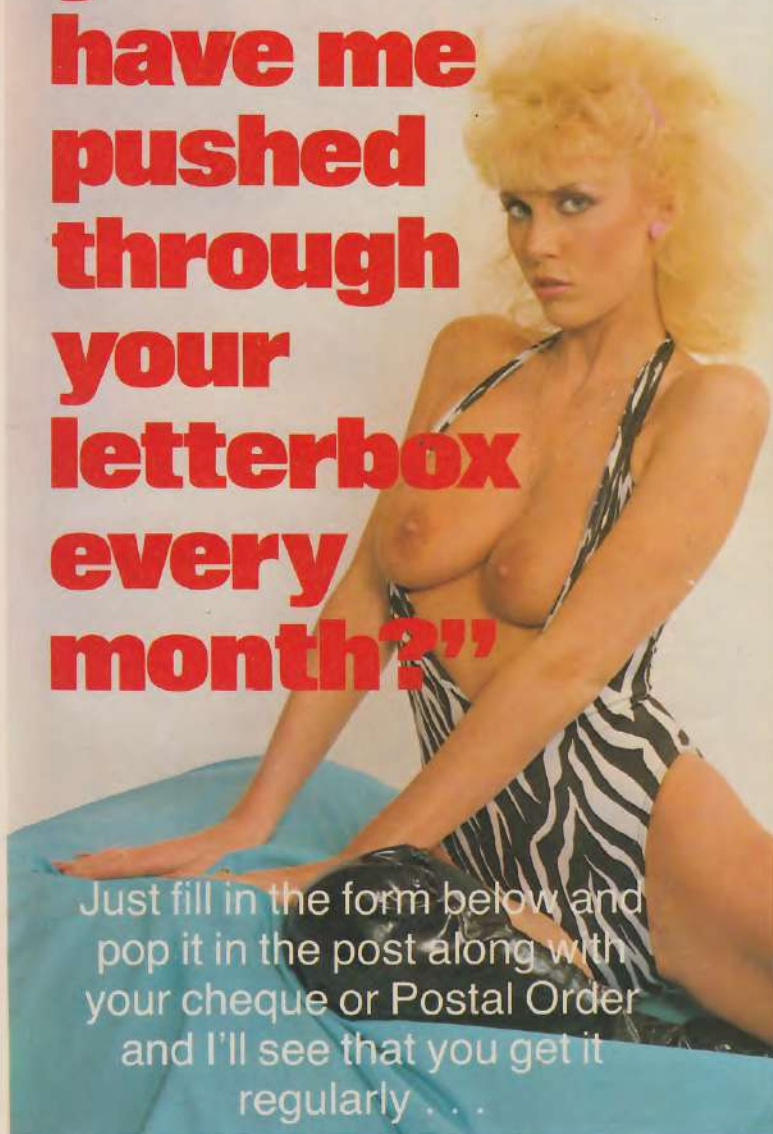
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KIRSTY













club Biker

MEET



DEBBIE ELLIOTT

Photographs by David Crosswaite

There are few rougher, more physical sports than moto cross, so it's hardly surprising it's a male-dominated activity. But there's a gorgeous exception to the rule, and NEIL WEBSTER met her to find out all about this fast lady, who'll be appearing exclusively in Club every month...

Moto cross is for tough guys. Powerful bikes, frightening speeds and terrifying tracks make it the roughest game on two wheels.

But Club International's new bike writer Debbie Elliott takes it all in her stride.

The 21-year-old beauty queen is more at home on the track than the catwalk as each week she leaves the swimsuit at home and climbs on her Kawasaki racer to take on the men at their own game.

Slim and vivacious, she's as far from the muscle-bound bikers image as it's possible to get, but that doesn't put her off.

'People are astonished when I tell them I race moto cross, but it's really great to work all my aggression off in one go. At first I was terrified by the hills and jumps, but once you overcome that there's nothing you can't tackle.

'I used to wait at the start until everyone else had gone and then pull aside when they came to lap me, but now I can beat them.

'I've got to admit that doesn't happen too often, so they don't seem to mind. Maybe they will when I start doing it regularly.

'Sunday is a "let yourself go" day when I'm racing, which is most weeks. It's great not having to worry about my hair or make-up. I'm just another racer on the track and there are no special favours for me.

'The biggest problem is strength. There's no way you can stay with the men unless you're really strong and there's no way a girl can be strong without being really butch and I'm not.

'I just train using small weights with lots of exercises which builds up stamina without the muscles.'

The results are obvious, just as they were to thousands of bikers last year when she was voted Miss Motor Cycle News, biking's biggest beauty prize.

'I'd won a local competition as Miss Bedhampton, but Miss MCN was my first national contest,' she recalls.

'On the night of the final at the Lyceum in London it was raining really hard and I set off in my old Cortina never thinking I'd make it.

'I finally arrived an hour late and would have rather gone straight home, but then I was taken for a drink with some top racers including Ron Haslam and Roger Marshall - there to get racing awards - and I calmed down a bit.

'When I went on stage wearing just a swimsuit there were hundreds of bikers staring at me just a few feet away and the compere didn't ask me about bikes at all.'

A rider since she was old enough to swing a leg across a saddle, Debbie's sampled most kinds of machines.

'I race a 125cc Kawasaki and have a three-cylinder two-stroke Kawasaki for everyday use, but I've also had a Suzuki trail bike and a 650cc four-cylinder Kawasaki.

'At first, I didn't know a thing about them and seized the Suzuki because I didn't know oil had to go into a separate tank. The rear wheel just

locked solid when I was going down the road and I hadn't a clue why. Then I started watching my boyfriend working on his bike and copied him, and now I can do all my own servicing.'

When Debbie started racing, however, the boyfriend had to go.

'He said it was like going out with a bloke because I spent so much time with the bike and said I had to choose between racing or him.

'I chose racing.'

The Suzuki also brought her into contact with the hard reality of bikes.

'I wasn't watching where I was going and rode straight into the kerb,' she confessed. 'It was just across the road from the college I was going to and I felt such a fool with my torn jeans and bent handlebars.

'But I've been lucky so far, despite getting knocked out once when I was racing.

'I fell after a jump and was kicked on the head by the next rider, but that's the most serious thing that's ever happened to me.'

She quickly gained experience and moved on to bigger and better bikes, as speed became a big part of this fast lady's life.

'You can go fast in a car but it doesn't feel the same. With just the wind and the noise of the engine you feel really exhilarated.

'I still remember the first time I went over the ton. My heart was right up in my mouth. It's a great feeling.'

Another of Debbie's adventures was an outing with a road racing school at Brands Hatch in Kent.

'The teacher took one look at me and said: "You're not riding, are you?" When I told him I was he said: "Oh God! I hate women riders!"

'It seemed that the last woman he'd taught had hit a fence and broken a leg. When he asked her what happened as they put her in an ambulance she said she'd lost control and shut her eyes!

'I really enjoyed road racing, however. We had 400cc Hondas converted to track use and although I wasn't the quickest, I wasn't the slowest either, so I was pretty pleased.

'They didn't recommend I made a career out of it though.

'I've also ridden round the TT course in the Isle of Man, but I wouldn't fancy racing there with all those walls and telegraph poles to hit if you come off.'

But Debbie proves that biking is leaving its grubby black leather image far behind with a new generation of "civilised" riders.

'It's a colourful and sophisticated scene now, with clean, advanced bikes using all the latest technology and smart equipment for the riders.

'Ninety per cent of riders today don't fit in with the image most of the public still have of motor cyclists.'

But as Debbie keeps us in tune with biking 80s style with tests on the latest superbikes and reviews on the rest of the scene, Club readers will be kept right at the front of the new generation.

Debbie's Akai suit, Martin boots, Alien helmet and gloves by courtesy of Rivetts Of London Limited.





DEBBIE AND THE

Since it was introduced to an awestruck British public three years ago, I've loved the Suzuki Katana simply for its fantastic appearance. 'Typical girl!' I can hear you all shout. Maybe so, but having ridden one at length now, I can report that this Big Boy has more than just good looks on his side – he's also a terrific ride.

The first thing one notices on straddling the Kat is its riding position – this is one of those bikes you sit *in*, as opposed to *on*. The clip-on handlebars and high, rear-set footrests mean only one thing – this is a bike built to be ridden fast.

With my five foot seven frame, I felt a bit intimidated when I first set off on the bike, but it only takes a few miles of blasting across open country to make you wonder why all big bikes don't have the radical riding position of the Katana.

However, you only need to ride the big Suzuki through the London rush-hour to see the reason why. At anything less than 40mph, the strain on the rider's wrists and arms, with no wind pressure to share the burden, soon becomes a little uncomfortable. And on the Capital's rapidly decaying roads – more suited to my moto cross bike! – that

firm suspension and hard seat often had me cursing under my breath as my skeleton took yet another shaking.

It's on smooth, fast A-roads where the bike is in its element, and the aching wrists and sore bum of the Metropolis are left far behind. This is the Katana's *raison d'être*.

Leaning forward, with my boobs on the sculptured tank and my knees gripping it firmly, I settled down to some 'serious' riding on just such roads, occasionally taking myself by surprise at the vast rate of knots which the Katana climbed to with awesome ease.

Of course, there's not much point in travelling fast if the brakes aren't up to the job of bringing you back down to earth again, so, thankfully, the Katana is fitted with three progressive and deceptively powerful disc brakes which do their job well without being the best set of stoppers I've ever come across. A torrential thunderstorm on the M1 proved they work well in the wet. The front forks are also fitted with an anti-dive set-up which is only really noticeable when executing a panic stop from high speed, but it's still welcome.

The Katana (it takes its name



BIG KAT

from a Japanese ceremonial sword, by the way) handles very well on the smooth surfaces it was designed for, but does shake its head a bit if you push it hard on bumpy back lanes. The high footrests and up-swept exhausts mean there's plenty of ground clearance.

Manhandling the bike (or, in this case, womanhandling) proved surprisingly easy, and hauling it on to the centre stand never presented any problems – if I can do it, guys, so can you!

Reliability with big Suzukis has never been a problem – their ubiquitous 1000/1100cc engines have

earned a well-deserved reputation for their solidity and longevity, and Katana owners shouldn't have any cause for worry in between the 3000-mile service intervals. Throughout the test period, I only needed to make one slight adjustment to the chain.

The word from Suzuki is that the Katana may well keep its place in their 1985 line-up. I certainly hope so, because it has an awful lot to offer. An all-rounder it most certainly is not, but its drawbacks are worth putting up with for the enjoyment it offers when it's on home territory.

Debbie Elliott



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PATRICIA









WOMEN'S

Writes

Our women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests.

I went to a party recently and met a guy called Leo. I was dancing away and suddenly there he was. It was one of those typical 'eyes across a crowded room' scenes. We just started talking and it was pretty obvious from the beginning that sex was on the cards. Pretty soon the inevitable happened — we decided to leave the party and go back to his place.

Hot and Slippery

Going down in the lift he ran his hands over my back and bum, kissing my neck and shoulders at the same time. He was making me feel so randy that I was soon really wet, and because I didn't have any knickers on (tight figure-hugging dress, you know) the juices ran down between the tops of my thighs and made them hot and slippery as they rubbed together.

Driving back to his place, he had one hand on the wheel and the other up my dress, sliding his fingertips across the thick white wetness and pressing them into my cunt.

We arrived, and after a heavy snogging session in the car — during which I released his cock from his trousers and rubbed it up to its full bloated hardness — we made a quick dash for indoors with me having to practically get dressed again to get there.

The break in our heavy pet-

ting and the run to the house had cooled us off a bit — not too much but enough for him to manage to put some music on the hi-fi in the sitting room.

Then he came up behind me to help me off with my jacket. He slid it off, gently caressing and kissing my skin as he uncovered it bit by bit until I was left standing in front of him in just my low-backed clinging dress and stilettos. He threw my jacket on to a chair, still with one hand softly stroking over that bit of shoulder that is a number one erogenous zone and seems to be directly con-

nected with one's vagina. In fact you could say that was his master-stroke and I was putty in his hands from there on in.

Hard Nipples

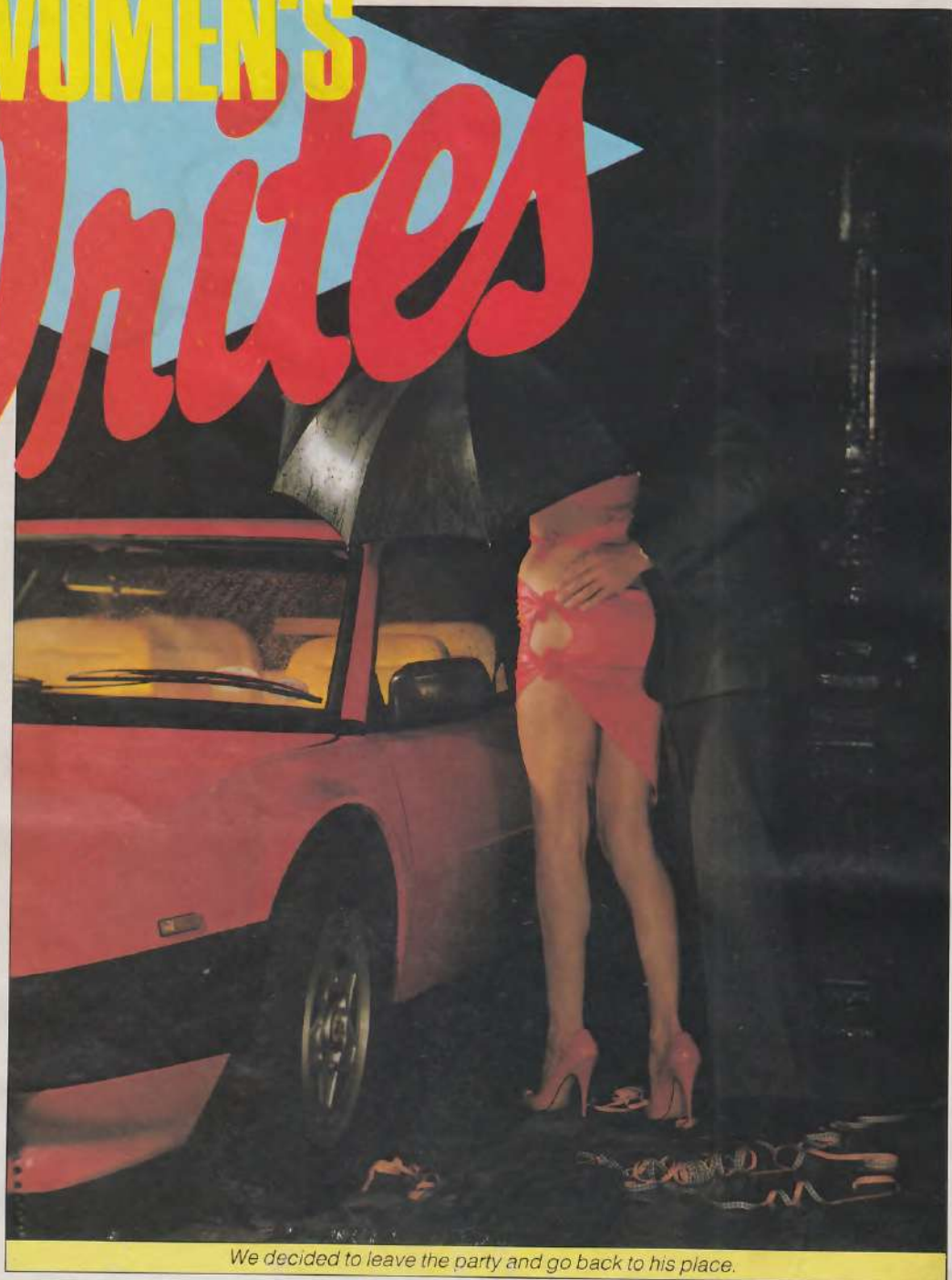
Still standing behind me, he slid his hands down my back, then round the sides and seized my breasts fully in his hands, pressing them in to my chest. My nipples were as hard as nails as he rubbed, rotated and pressed them between his fingers and tweaked away at them.

I was in ecstasies, my cunt muscles throbbing, and salty

wet juices pouring out of me like there was no tomorrow. My breathing was getting louder. I was almost gasping with pleasure. My body was in such a state that I felt I'd never stop coming once I'd started.

Leo was talking into my ear in a low husky voice: 'Come on, baby — that's beautiful,' and all that sort of stuff. It's not really what they say that's important though, although it does help. It's their breath tickling in your ears and on your neck that does it.

I swayed my hips to the rhythm of the music, and arched



We decided to leave the party and go back to his place.

WOMEN'S Writes

my back with my backside sticking out to rub against his hard penis. He pulled me against him tighter, nudging against me with his groin to the beat of the drum while his hands explored downwards firmly rubbing all over my front.

Leo was unmistakably in a great state of excitement by now and longing to get a feel at my hot crotch, which meant he'd either have to rip my dress or take it off altogether. Luckily for my wardrobe he went for the latter, and slipped it off over my hips, leaving me totally starkers except for my black suede stilettoes. I went to take them off but he protested and said he wanted me to keep them on.

Bodies Touching

From that moment it didn't take him long to get rid of his jeans, shirt and underpants (and he did take his shoes off). It must have been quite a funny sight really: me standing there with nothing on but my stilettoes and him with an erection that looked like you could hoist a flag up it.

There was a slow song playing on the record player and we moved together and started dancing, our bodies touching front to front. His cock was

sticking into my stomach, prodding away at my belly button as we moved. Then he bent his knees and slipped it in between my thighs (not into my cunt), pushing it easily to and fro in the smooth wetness that was pouring out of my hole.

Out of Control

Our hands were roaming all over the place, grasping and stroking – and a bit of light scratching – at each other's buttocks, backs, arms and legs. Our kissing was getting a bit out of control as well and lips were soon replaced by teeth giving soft bites all over.

We were obviously so close to orgasm that the most sensible thing seemed to be to fuck each other.

I lay down on the floor with my legs splayed wide apart, still with my shoes on, and held my cunt lips open so he could see all my moist pink pussy muscles pulsating and longing to get round that lovely hot cock of his.

He stood looming above me between my parted legs and started to wank himself off, holding his cock firmly in his hand and rubbing faster all the time. Then he told me to touch myself for him.

I began to diddle away at my fanny, squirming with pleasure as the beautiful feeling surged through my body again and again. Also, Leo looked so

dominating standing above me rubbing his cock that I was having all sorts of fantasies about being totally helpless and in his power, which was making me even wetter than ever.

Soon I started to come, writhing around on the floor groaning like mad. When he saw me climaxing he quickly jumped on top of me and guided his stiff cock between my legs and drove it into my throbbing cunt with short but penetrating thrusts. My cunt muscles were squeezing round it like a clam, and my whole body was heaving with lust and pleasure as if his prick was in every other part of my body as well as my love hole.

'You love my cock slipping in and out of you, fucking you, don't you? You feel so tight. I can feel you squeezing my cock. Come on, let me hear you say you love my cock.' He kept saying it over and over again and it really turned me on.

In between gasps of orgasm I whispered at first, and then as he fucked me harder, I groaned out loud: 'Fuck me with your beautiful cock. Get right up inside me.'

By this time he was absolutely at bursting point and he drove harder into me, all his muscles taut. Finally he ejaculated, flooding me with his sperm.

We lay there on the floor exhausted for a while and when we got our breath back we were both so starving we went and got something to eat in the kitchen, stopping every so often for a kiss and a grope.

Enormous Mirror

Then he suggested that we should go to bed and 'relax'. My energy was very much restored by the food but it sounded like a pretty good idea to me. So I took a last bite of a cracker and followed him to his bedroom.

There was nothing particularly special about his bedroom except that there was an enormous mirror against the bed that was at least as wide as the bed itself and reached up to the ceiling. 'That's interesting,' I thought.

We got into bed and immediately I reached down and played with his limp cock. It responded quickly, getting harder and bigger all the time. Then I wiggled under the duvet and slid down the bed until my mouth came into line with it.

I began to suck, running my tongue round the knob while my lips moved up and down the bone-hard shaft. He pressed his

hands on my head, pushing more of his hard length towards the back of my throat, thrusting his hips backwards and forwards rhythmically. Suddenly he lifted the duvet from over us. 'This is where the mirror comes in,' I thought.

Suck and Nibble

He stood facing the mirror and told me to kneel in front of him. I continued to suck and nibble at his cock, sticking my backside out at the mirror so he could get a good look at my bottom cheeks. I glanced up at one stage and saw him staring at the goings on in the mirror.

After a while I left off sucking his cock (when I thought there wasn't much time before blast-off) and leant forward with my buttocks in the air. I held my bum cheeks apart with one hand, and began to finger myself with the other, running my middle finger along my sopping slit.

Leo kept on looking in the mirror for a while, touching his cock from time to time, until he decided it was time to screw me again.

At that stage he turned me round so that I was facing the mirror too, on my hands and knees. He knelt behind me still watching everything in the mirror. I felt his hardness prodding against my cunt lips and then it was inside me again. I rotated my hips around slowly and pushed back to get him more and more into me. The feeling was out of this world. I could feel every inch of him working in and out. I was so wet that every time his cock moved in me my cunt squeaked noisily.

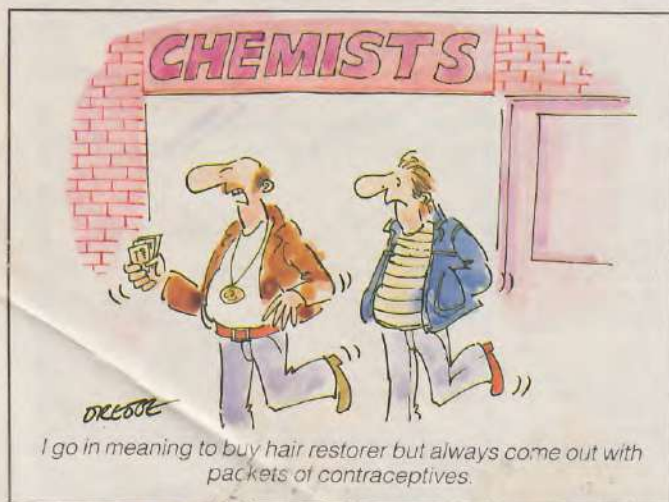
Leo was still looking at the mirror intensely. His fucking started to get harder and faster until it seemed like he was practically throwing himself into me. I had difficulty in keeping my position.

'You've got a gorgeous cunt,' he kept saying. Saying it seemed to make him more and more excited. He pounded into me, groaning loudly and finally with a few hard jabs his come spurted deep into my cunt.

He collapsed over my back, and drops of his sweat fell onto my skin. He might have just done a hundred press-ups the way he was sweating.

After that there wasn't going to be any more fucking that night, so we cuddled up and went to sleep and waited till morning before we started all over again.

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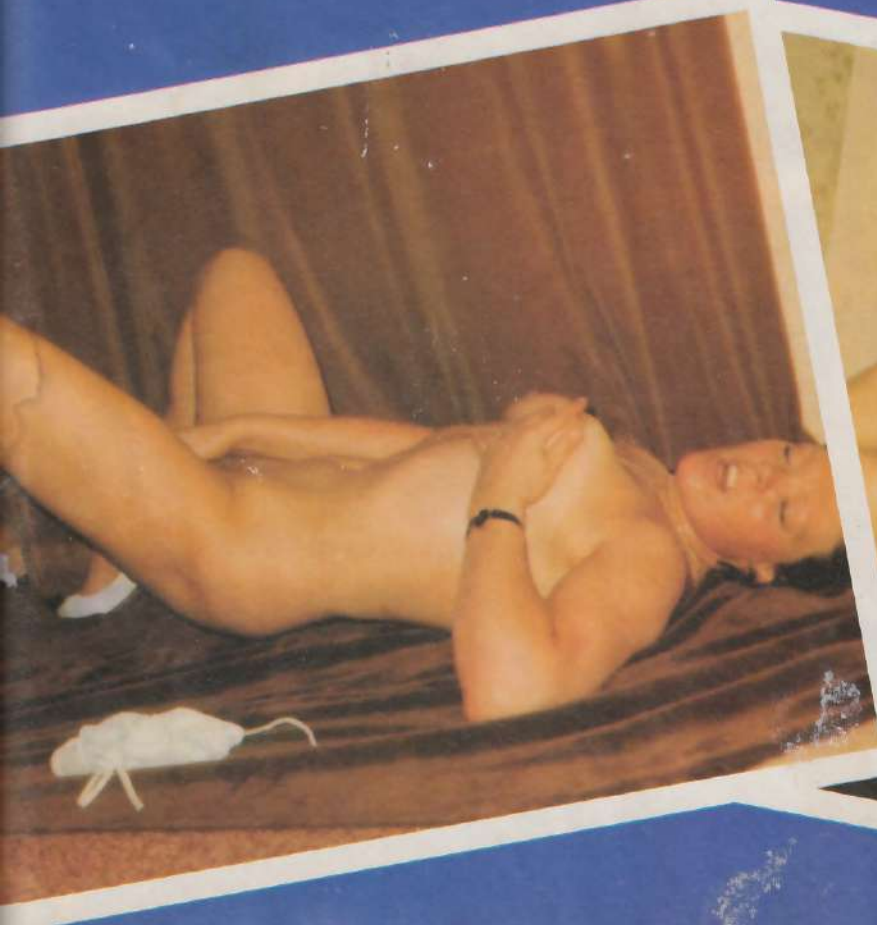


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Left: JD's nubile body in lycra will conjure up memories for her boyfriend and will never be forgotten by the rest of us.

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13- SERVICES

PANTIES soiled for your pleasure, sextone letter, photo £5 from Christine (25). Box 130166.

UNHIBITED professional photographer offers discreet service, Home/Studio, (couples/females only). Send s.a.e. Box No. 130203.

SCHOOLGIRL glamour! Sandie - (18yrs - 35-23-35) Helen (18yrs - 38-24-36) Many others! Lists/samples £2.00, sample sets £6.00. Box No. 130205.

RENT-a-mailbox! Completely confidential mailing address and telephone answering service available now! 6 Albermarle Way, London EC1V 4JB. Phone 01-253 1236.

RUDE letters from Stephanie, personal reply £2.00. Box No. 130210.

YOUNG AC/DC lady has privately made video/films for sale, also made to order. S.A.E. Box No. 130208.

NAUGHTY photos/letter, scanies £4.00. Box No. 130207.

DIRTY Sharon makes adult films. She calls £5.00; soiled r. and p. £3.00. Box No. 130206.

DIVORCED gentleman guitarist, own house seeks sex loving models, photos please (Birmingham). Box No. 130204.

SEXY 18 year old offers panties etc., send £1.00 for photos and details. Box No. 130192.

MODEL Vivien, used panties/photo £5.00. Box No. 130215.

SANDRA'S used knickers plus flashing photogtaphs 17.00. Box No. 130216.

YOUNG girls (over 18 years) panties for sale £5.00. Box No. 130211.

16- PHOTO-PROCESSING

COLOUR film processing (CHI). Your personal prints developed in our private laboratory discretion guaranteed 24 exp. £3.99, 36 exp. £4.99 + 25p P&P. Fast Fotos, P.O. Box 58, Sutton, Surrey

CONFIDENTIAL colour processing, 24 exposures £3.99, 36 exposures £4.99, 35mm, 110, Disc and 126. All prints on supersized paper. Glossy or lustre. Brent photographic, 23 Abingdon Street, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset.

19- TRAVEL

STAG hen weekend trips, Amsterdam. Small parties. Live sex shows. Hotel provided. S.a.c. Dept Scantav, P.O. 88, Northampton NN1 4DF



as seen on B.B.C., offer exotic holidays for gentlemen to Thailand (Bangkok & Pattaya). 15 days from £595 S.A.E. 9" x 4" for details: Stag Tours Ltd., Dept. (C), P.O. Box 119, Norwich NR1 4SH.

29- GIFTS AND NOVELTIES

SAUCY visiting cards, set of eight: Percy Longprong, indoor bird-watcher etc. £1.00. Lowfun Dept. M Westaway, Godalming, Surrey

33- MESSAGES

DRY when will you introduce me to Peter again, love Bushy.

Tomy little Spanish man: are cousins really cousins, or just lays, love Maxine.

HYMIE, why dont you change slowly, Nymph!

ZACK! you can be Hank and I'll play Pank, guess who!

LIVERPOOL lady, give me a ring, Big Dick

MR. T. JONES, come shoot me with your Tommy Gun (shoot me). Lots of love, Jeanette (the nutter).



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56- PERSONAL

SEXY Sue will send used panties and sexy letter. Send Box No. 561941.

N. IRELAND, Coleraine. Executive 34, seeks young attractive randy girls. Name, address and phone number to Box No. 561938 and then I will contact you.

ONE widower will relieve ladies, any age over 18 years, free. London, Bristol, Somerset. Box No. 561939.

N. IRELAND couple, 32/32, seek couples, singles, M or F. Discretion assured. Box No. 561940.

MALE 49 seeks housewives couples any age. Anything goes, your place. Photo appreciated. A.I.A. Box No. 561950.

HETEROSEXUAL professional male, 36, seeks to contact D.I.Y. enthusiasts, your action photo brings mine. E. Sussex. Box No. 561947.

MALE 22 inexperienced seeks female 30 to 40 to teach him, prefer single, your place. Box No. 561937.

SHY inexperienced male 25 seeks randy, dominant females 18-50 for tuition, my place/your place, London, preferably Greater London, though not essential. Attractive women only please. Divorcees, housewives, coloured females, all nationalities welcome. Like large breasted females, sex undies, suspenders, stockings, Letter and nude photo essential for quick reply. All letters answered. Box No. 561948.

MALE 19 wishes sexy correspondence with young or mature women. Box No. 561951.

YOUNG couple m25, f21 will swap horny photo's for same. Box No. 561958.

SEX starved male 48. Working in aviation wishes to correspond explicitly with single females, couples over 16. Any subject. Box No. 561959.

N. IRELAND, couple 30's seek couples w/e males. AC/DC females for polarooid fun, etc. Box No. 561956.

NORWEGIAN male seeks single ladies. Loves 'O' and straight sex. Box No. 561957.

BRIGHTON lady provides exclusive massage for mature gentlemen, discretion assured, for prompt reply contact, Box No. 561953.

DUNDEE: Attractive male, virgin 18, seeks help from attractive women 20-30. Your place, Box No. 561954.

INEXPERIENCED male available for dominant lady, can travel. Box No. 561955.

HERTS. Beds., London, male 28 years, separated a frustrated. Slim, average looks, seeks females/couples, any age, no fees. Box No. 561953.

SOUTHAMPTON male 32 seeks mature women or couples for fun. Loves oral and sexy underwear, own house and car. Photo please and telephone number. No fees. Box No. 561905.

COUPLE seek young male for sexy fun. West Yorkshire. Box No. 561906.

MALE 22 inexperienced seeks female 30 to 40 to teach him, prefer single, your place, Box No. 561937.

GREEK couple 38 and 39 enquiring in A, bi-female 18-40 for vacations, photo appreciated. Box No. 561952.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE professional couple, 30, seek couples, females, males for fun, discretion essential, photo preferred. Box No. 561949.

AVON male 18 seeks female for fun/friendship, photo, please. Box No. 561904.

SLAVEGIRL, wanted by affectionate handsome master. S.E. Essex. Box No. 561960.

HANDSOME male knickers lover, seeks pantie from Essex, London. Box No. 561961.

CORNWALL. Young man will entertain ladies in their own home, photo, phone number. Box No. 561962.

VOYEURISTIC male, 40, vascetomised, interested female, exhibitionism (private). D.I.O.Y., undies, upskirt/Polaroids, sexy games seeks females, couples. Friendship, sincerely important. Accommodate/Travel South West, Midlands, anywhere. Box No. 561963.

GENEROUS male 35-40, could you supply home security, fun, friendship, female 32, photo, phone, frank letter. D.L.A. Box No. 561964.

UNINHIBITED housewife will pose to please photographers/voyeurs in Norfolk. Box No. 561918.

32 YEAR old male, Nuneaton. Tall, wants female. 18-36. Box No. 561919.

SOUTHWEST athletic couple 30's seek w/e male to satisfy threesome fantasy, can accommodate. Box No. 561917.

MALE 30 years would like to meet ladies for sexy fun, anything goes, oral, AC/DC, phone No. Crawley area, Write Box No. 561914.

MALE 25, seeks females 33-40, for kinky fun - photo. Box No. 561915.

TRACTIVE 39-year-old male joys dining out, cinema, seeks exhibitionistic lady, 18/45 for company, possible long term relationship. London. Essex, Kent Box No. 561916.

SUSSEX, inexperienced male 25 needs to be educated by mature lady(s)/housewife. Box No. 561911.

FEMALE 28/38-24/36 seeks male, female for fun, photo please. Croydon Box No. 561912.

KENT/Surrey housewife seeks mature vascetomised gentleman for daytime pleasures, your place, photo, intimate reply appreciated. A.I.A. Box No. 561913.

GERMAN girls for friendship. Box No. 561910.

ATTRACTIVE professional Kent couple 20/30's wish to meet similar lady for fun and photography. Box No. 561909.

COUPLE f29/m30 seek similar to broaden their sexual horizon, phone number and photo essential. Avon, Gloucester. Box No. 561920.

VOYEURS wishes satisfied by Cambridge couple. Suggestions welcomed. Box No. 561965.

BOY (25) with video camera seeks girl for fun. Box No. 561921.

LADIES/couples sought for fun by male 23, stocking lover, possible voyeur, first advertisement, London, anywhere. Box No. 561922.

SUSSEX farmer, forties, proposals, rewards, females. Box No. 561923.

EDINBURGH male, 45 (fit), seeks females for fun, frolics. Box No. 561924.

HOUSEWIFE, oversexed, bored, attractive 37B-23-38, photo's, letters, stag parties, striptease, modelling, etc. Let me prove what I can do. Box No. 561908.

MALE, 23, very submissive seeks understanding female, anything goes, London, East Anglia. Box No. 561904.

MATURE male would like to meet or correspond with sexy females, 18 to 70. Total discretion, assured, Hull. Box No. 561906.

SHY but generous gent would like to watch a woman, any age, engaged in self-love. Birmingham, day time, undraped photo, phone. Box No. 561907.

MALE 22, seeks housewives AC/DC females, for fun: photo's, phone number. Box No. 561902.

LADIES receive free massage in your own home from male 29, discretion guaranteed. Photos essential. South Wales. Box No. 561807.

RANDY male, 28 seeks ladies 18 to 60, London or Hampshire, your home. Photo essential. Box No. 561670.

W. YORKS couple, she 26, he 29, seeks young couples 18-35, interested in swapping, photo/phone appreciated, a.i.a. Box No. 561780.

SUSSEX man, 26, urgently needs sex with experienced lady. box No. 561801.

MALE slave (30 years) Chelmsford/Essex wishes to meet female slavers for mutual entertainment, also female slaves. Box No. 561735.

ATTRACTIVE, professional married couple (37), seek similar for wine/dance, sexy, fun, Cleanliness/discretion assured, undraped. Photo for reply. N. Ireland. Box No. 561692.

INEXPERIENCED Italian male (26) seeks ladies for tuition/mutual enjoyment. Your place, London, photo appreciated. Box No. 561926.

COUPLE m28/f25, seek attractive couples for fun, swaps, genuine first timers, all letters answered (Stoke). Box No. 561927.

HAMPSHIRE, handsome male, 25, seeks female lover, varied interests; including I.B.S. phone number and photo appreciated. Box No. 561928.

HANDSOME fella 30 visits all attractive ladies 18-40, who send photo and phone number, fun only, no fees, London, Kent. Box No. 561929.

GIRL 20, writes naughty factual letters, send £2.00 with request. Box No. 561935.

COUPLE mid 20's seek couples, singles for photographic and mutual fun, discretion a must. Undraped photo and phone number appreciated. Hants/Dorset area. A.I.A. Box No. 561930.

LADIES/housewives, amateur photographer (27) seeking experience will photograph you and produce photosets. Send requirements/personal details, photo appreciated. S. England. Box No. 561931.

HANDSOME, 26 year old, wishes to meet ladies (25-45) for fun, your place, letter, phone number, photo. Norfolk. Box No. 561932.

SEXY young housewife offers naughty letter and kinky photos. Stockings etc. on request. s.a.e. £5.00. Box No. 561933.

STAFFORDSHIRE male virgin 19, seeks caring lady for tuition, your place, photo please. Box No. 561934.

SLAPSTICK lover seeks females for messy fun - Box No. 561936.

PLEASURE loving couple m29/f25 seek young slim bi-sex lady for good vibrations. London, can accommodate or travel. Information, photos, telephone number essential. Box No. 561942.

NORTH-west generous, inexperienced male, 20, seeks very attractive lady for tuition. Will travel, photo appreciated. Box No. 561943.

MALE 29, wishes correspondence with randy mature females, undraped photos please. Dundee area. Box No. 561944.

RANDY well endowed guy 29 seeks sexy ladies 18-30, North West. box No. 561945.

AVON male 18 seeks female for fun/friendship, photo please. Box No. 561904.

MALE 22, inexperienced, seeks female 30 to 40 to teach him, prefer single, your place. Box No. 561937.

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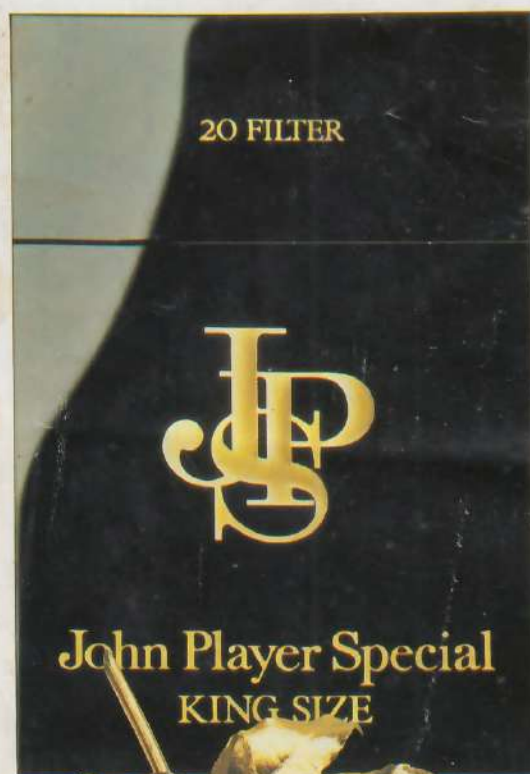
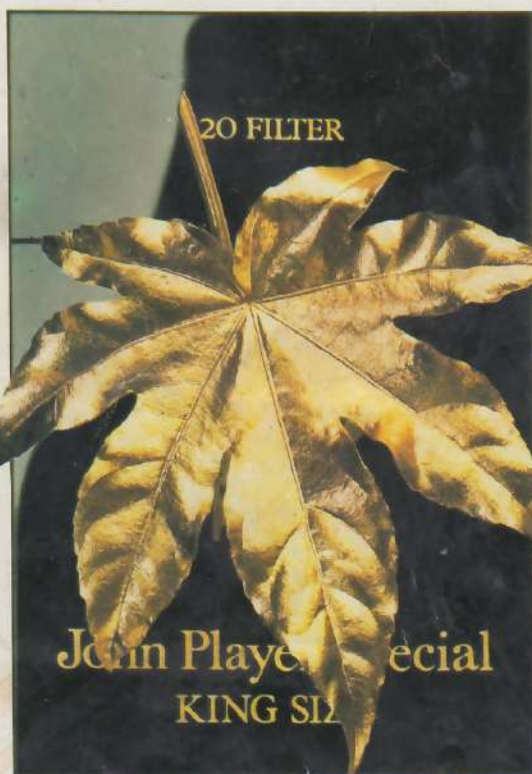
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